

THE FIRST PART
Second partes of King Edward
the Fourth.

CONTAINING

His mery pastime with the Tanner
of Tamwoorth, as also his loue to fayre Mistresse
Shoare, her great promotion, fall and mi-
sery, and lastly the lamentable death of
both her and her husband,

Likewise the besiedging of London, by the bastarde
Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of the
same by the Lord Maior and
the Citizens

As it hath diuers times beene publicquely played by the
Right Honorable the Earle of Derby his seruants



Imprinted at London by I.W. for Iohn Oxenbridge,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard at the signe of
the Parra. 1599.

THE TWO PARTS

Second part of King Edward

the Fourth

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CONTAINING

His most excellent wisdom
of the laws of the realm
of England, and the
customs of the same
as they were in the
time of King Edward
the Fourth

Printed by Iohn Iohnson
Printer to the Kings Majesties
in Great Brittain
at the Signe of the Sunne
in St. Dunstons Church
in London

As at the Court of the Kings
Majesties in Great Brittain
at the Signe of the Sunne
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THE
FIRST AND SECOND
partes of King Edward the fourth.

Contayning his mery pastime with the Tanner
of Tamwoorth, as also his loue to fayre Mi-
stresse Shoare, her great promotion, fall
& misery, & lastly the lamentable death
of both her and her husband.

Enter King Edward, the Dutches of Yorke, the Queen,
the Lord Howard, and Sir Thomas Sellinger.

Dutchesse.

Sonne, I tell ye you haue done you know not what:
King: I haue married a woman, else I am deceaued
mother.

Dutch. Married a woman: married indeed,
Here is a marriage that befitte a king:
It is no maruaille it was done in haste,
Here is a Bydall and with hell to boote,
You haue made worke:

King. Faith mother some we haue indeede; but ere long
you shall see vs make worke for an heyre apparant I doubt
not, nay, nay, come, come, Gods will what chiding stille

Dutch. O God that ere I liude to see this day.

King. By my faith mother, I hope you shall see the night
too, and in the morning I will bee bolde to blyde you to the
Chiffkring, Grandmother, and Godmother to a Prince of
Wales, tutte mother, tis a stirring world.

Dutch. Haue you sent Warwicke into France for this?

The First part of

King. No by my faith mother I sent Warwicke into France for an other, but this by chance being nearer hand, and comming in the way I cannot tell how, we concluded, and now (as you see) are going about to get a young king.

Dutch. But tell me some how will you answer this:

Is possible your rash unlawful act,
Should not breed mostall hate betwixt the Realmes:
What may the French king thinke when he shall heare
That whilst you send to entreate about his daughter,
Safely to take a subject of your owne:
What may the Princesse Hona thinke of this:
Our noble Cousin Warwicke that great Lord,
That Center-shaking thunderclap of warre,
That like a Column propt the house of Poike:
And boare our white Rose brauely in his top,
When he shall heare his embassage abuse,
In this but made an instrument by you,
I know his soule will blash within his bosome,
And shame will sit in Scarlet on his Brow,
To haue his honor touche with this soule blemish,
Honour, Honour I tell you that is done by you,
Which yet the child that is unborn shall rue.

King. Tush mother you are deceiue, all true subjectes shall haue cause to thanke God, to haue their king borne of a true Englishwoman, I tell you it was neuer well since wee matched with strangers, so our children haue beene still like Chickens of the half kind, but where the cocke and the hen be both of one breed, there is like to be birdes of the game: heare you mother, heare you, had I gone to it by fortune, I had made your sonnes George and Dicke to haue stood gaping after the crostone: this wench mother is a widdow, and hath made prooue of her valour, and for any thing I know, I am as like to doe the deed as Iohn Gray her husband was, I had rather the people pray to blesse mine heyre, then send me an heyre: hold your peace, if you can see, there was neuer mother had a towarde sonne, why Cuthbert Howard and

Tom

King Edward the Fourth.

Tom Sellinere heart you euen such a coyle about a wife.

How. Mysoneraign Lord with patience beare her spleen
Your princely mothers zeale is like a river,

That from the free abundance of the waters,

Breakes out into this inundation,

From her abundant care this rage proceedes,

Der swolne with the extremity of loue.

Sellin. My Lord, my Lord, auoide a womans humor,

If you resist this force of her will,

Here you shall haue her dwell vpon this passion,

Untill shee saue shall our eares againe.

Seeme you but for what you haue done,

And straightwaies put the finger in the eye,

With comfort now, since it cannot be helpt:

But make you show to iustifie the act

If euer other language in her lips,

Then out vpon it, it is abhominable, I dare be hangde,

Say any thing it makes no matter what,

Then thus be wearied with a womans chat.

Dutch. I, I, you are the spaniels of the Court,

And thus you saluoe and sooth your wanton king,

But Edward hadst thou prizde thy maiesty,

Thou neuer wouldst haue staine thy princely state,

With the base leadings of a Subjects bed,

For bozne the blemish of her Bigamy.

A widdow, ist not a goodly thing?

Grayes children come aske blessing of the king,

Queen. Say I beseech your Grace my Lady Poike,

Euen as you are a Princesse and a widdow,

Thinke not so meanelly of my widdowhoode,

A spotlesse virgin came I first to Gray,

With him I liude a true and faithfull wife:

And since his hie imperiall maiestie,

Hath pleasd to blesse my poore delected state

With the high Soueraigne title of his Queene,

I here protest before the host of heauen,

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I cannot as chaste a widow to his bedde, and begrills? and
As when a virgin I to Gray was wed, I would not

King Come, come haue done, now you haue childe inough,
Gods wote, we were as metrie ere thee came, as any people
in Christendome, I with the mistris, & these with the maides:
onely wee had no fiddlers at our feast; but mother you haue
made a fit of mirth: welcome to Grafton mother, by my
troth you are euen iust come as I wished you here, let vs to
supper, and in Charitie giue vs your blessing ere wee goe to
Bedde.

Duch. O Edward, Edward, die and leave this place,
 Wherein poore little thing thou art inchaunted,
 This is her dam of Bedfords woorthie her mother,
 That hath bewitcht thee Edward my poore child,
 Dishonour not the Princes of thy land,
 To make them kneele with reuerence at her secte,
 That ere thou dost enpale with soueraintie,
 They would haue stoyned to haue looked vpon,
 Theres no such difference twixt the greatest Peere,
 And the poore silliest kitchin maide that lines,
 As is betwixt thy woorthines and hers.

Queene I do confesse it, yet my Lady Yorke,
My mother is a Duchesse as you are,
A Princesse borne, the Duke of Bedfords wife,
And as you know, a daughter and a sister,
Unto the royall blood of Burgundie.
But you cannot so basely thinke on me,
As I do thinke of these vaine worldly titles,
God from my soule my sinne as farre deuide.
As I am farre from boasting this in pride.

Selling Adam, he is the mirror of her kind,
Had she but so much spleene as hath a gnatte,
Her spirits would startle to abide your taunts,
She is a Saint, and Adam you blaspheme,
To wrong so sweete a Lady.

Duch. Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

Selling.

of King Edward the fourth.

Sellen. Madam but that you are my souldaigins mother,
I would let you knowe you wrong a gentleman.

Howard Good Cousin Sellinger haue patience,
Her Graces rage by so much violence,
Hath spent it selfe already into aire,
Deere Madam I beseech you on my knee,
Tender that louing kindnes to the Queene,
That I dare sweare she both in soule to you,

Edw. Well said good Cole, I pray thee make them friends:
why how now Belle, what weep? nay then Ile chide you,
what sodaine newes comes by this messenger?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My soueraigne Lord, the bastard Falconbridge,
Of late hath stir'd rebellion in the South,
Incouraging his forces to deliuer,
King Henric late depos'd out of the Tower,
To him the malcontented commons flocke,
From eueries part of Sussex, Kent, and Essex,
His armie waied twentie thousand strong,
And as it is suppos'd by circumstance,
Meane to take London, if not well defended.

Edward Well let this Wharfeon that is mounted thus,
Looke he sit surely, or by Englands George,
He breake his necke, this is no new euasion,
I surely thought that one day I should see,
That bastard Falcon take his wings to mount,
Into our Eagle ayre, me thought I saw,
Blacke discontent sit euer on his brow,
And now I see I calculated well,
God Cousin Howard, and Tom Sellinger,
This night weele spend in feast and iollitie,
With our new Queene, and our beloued mother,
To morrow you shall haue commission,
To raise up powre against this haughtie rebell:
Sirra depart not till you know our pleasure,
You shall conuey vs letters backe to London,

The first part of

Unto the Mayor, Recorder, and our friends,
Is Supper ready: come by my homie: Besse,
Welcome mother, we are all your guests. Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching, Spicing,
Smoke, Chub, and others.

Fal. Hold drumme,

1 Spi. Hold drumme and be hangde.

2 Smoke Hold drumme hold, peace then ho, silence to the
3 proclamation.

1 Spi. You lie you rogue, tis to the oration,

Chub. Nay then you all lie, it is to the coblication,

Fal. True hearted English and our valiant friends,

all Ho brane general plaich.

Spi. Peace there you rogues, or I will splitte your chaps:

Fal. Deare countremen, I publicly proclaime,

If any wronged discontented English,

Tought with true feeling of King Henries wrongs,

Henric the first the lawfull King of England,

who by that Tyrant Edward the Usurper,

Is held a wretched prisoner in the Tower,

If any man that saime would bee enfranchise,

From the sad yoke of Porskish servitude,

Under which we toyle like naked Gallieslaves,

Know he that Thomas Nevell the Lord Falconbridge,

all I I a Faconbridge a Faconbridge:

Spici. Peace ye clamorous rogues, on Generall, on with
your oration, peace there,

Fal. Witting King Henries poore distressed case,

Armed with his title, and a subjects zeale,

Takes up iust armes against the house of Porke:

And do proclains our ancient libertie:

all Libertie, libertie, libertie, generall libertie,

Fal. We do not rise like Tiler, Cade, and Straw,

Blewbeard, and other of that rascall route,

Basely like Tinkers, or such muddie slaves.

King Edward the Fourth.

For mending measures, or the price of coine,
Or for some common in the wilde of Kent,
That by some greedy Cormorant inclosde,
But in the true and ancient lawfull right,
Of the redoubted house of Lancaster,
Our blood is noble, by our birth a Neuill;
And by our lawfull line Lord Falconbridge,
Whose here that of so dull a leaden temper,
That is not fired with a Neuill's name.

All. A Neuill, a Neuill, a Neuill,

Fa. Our quarrell like our selfe is honozable,

The law our warrant.

Smoke I, I, the law is on our side.

Chub. I, the law is in our stowe handes.

Spicing. Peace you Rogues.

Fa. And more, a blessing by the woods propode,

To those that aide a true annointed king,

Cozage byane spirits and crie a Falconbridge,

All. A Falconbridge, a Falconbridge,

Fa. We will be masters of the mint our selves,

And set our own stampe on the golden copier.

Weele choose our neyghing Counters to the gold,

Then the purest silver that is sold in Cheape.

At Leaden hall weele sell pearles by the pecke,

As now the mealemen vse to sell theire meale.

In Westminster weele keepe a solemne Court,

And build it bigger to receiue our men,

Crie Falconbridge my hart's liberty,

All. Falconbridge and liberty &c.

Smoke. Peace ye slaues, or I will smoke ye else,

Chub. Peace ye slaues, or I will chub your chappes, but

indeed thou maiest well smoke them, because thy name is

Smoke.

Smoke. Why Sirra, I hope Smoke the Smith of Chep-

sted, is as good a man as Chub the Chandler of Sandwith,

Spicing. Peace ye Rogues, what are you quarrelling and

now

The first part of

now list to Captaine Spicing.

You know Cheape side there are the Mercers Shops,
Where we will measure beluet by our pikes:
And Silkes and Sattens by the streetes whole bredth:
Weele take the Tankardes from the Conduit cockes,
To fill with Ipcras and drinke carowse.
Where chaines of gold and plate shall be as plentie,
As wodden dishes in the wild of Kent:

Smoke. Oh brauely said Ned Spicing, the honestest Lad
that euer pund spice in a moyter, now speakes Captaine
Smoke.

Looke lads for from this hill ye may discerne,
The louely towne which we are marching to,
That same is London Lads ye looke vpon.
Raninge all arow my heartes and stand at gaze,
As doe the heardes of Deere at some strange sight:
O; as a troupe of hungrie trauellers,
That sit their eyes vpon a sumptuous feast,
Looke how the Tower doth tise vs to come on,
To take out Henry the first there prisoner;
See how S. Katherines smokes, wipe staines your eyes
And whet your stomaches for the good mault pies.

Chub. Why then belike I am no body: roome and auol-
dance, for now speakes Captain Chub:
So sooner in London will we be,
But the Bakers for you, the Brewers for me,
Birchin lane shall sute vs, the Costermongers fruite vs:
The Boulters send vs in fowle,
And Butchers meat without controule:
And euer when we sup or dine:
The Wintners freely bring vs in wine:
If any body aske who shall pay,
Cut off his head and send him away,
This is Captaine Chubs law whosoever say nay.

Fal. Brauely resolute, so march we forward all,
And boldly say, good lucke shall vs befall.

Exeunt.
Enter

King Edward the fourth.

Enter the Lord Maior, M. Shoare, M. Ioffeline, in their
veluet coates, and gorgets, and leading stauers.

Mai. This is well done, thus should good Cittizens,
Fashion themselves as well for warre as peace:
Haue ye commanded that in every streeete,
They hang forth lights as soone as night comes on:
Say Tosen Shoare, that was referd to you.

Shoare We haue my Lord, besides from every hall.
There is at least two hundred men in armes.

Maior. It cheares my heart to heare this readines,
Let neuer rebels put true Subiectes downe,
Come when they will, they welcome shal be such,
As they had better kept them further off.
But where is W. Recorder: his aduise,
Must not be wanting in these high affaires.

Sho. About an houre agoe, and somewhat moze,
I left him fortifying the bridge my Lord,
Which done he purposed to meete you here:

Mai. A discreet painefull Gentleman he is,
And we must all of vs be so inclinde:
If we entend to haue the Cittie safe,
Do looke for thanks, and credit with the king,
I tell ye maisters, aged though I be,
I (for my part) will to no bed this night.

Ioff. Why is it thought the Bastard is so neare:

Maior. How meane ye M. Ioffeline by neare:
He neither comes from Italy nor Spaine:
But out of Kent, and Essex which you know,
Are both so neare, as nearer cannot be.

Ioff. Pay, by your patience good my Lord a word,
Simple though I am, yet I must confesse,
A mischief further off, would, and so forth,
You know my meaning, thinges not seene before,
Are, and so forth, yet in good sadness,
I would that all were well, and perchance,

The First part of *Henry*

It may be so, what, were it not for hope,
The hart, and so forth, but to the matter,
You meane and purpose, I, I, am sure ye doe:

M. Well M. Ioffeline, we are sure ye mean wel
Although somewhat defectiue in your utterance.

Io. I, I, my Lord Maior, I am you know,
Willing, ready, and so forth, tut, tut, for me, ha, ha
My Mansion is at Ham, and thence you know,
I come to helpe you in this needfull time:
When rebels are so busie, and so forth,
What Maisters age must neuer be despised,
You shall finde me my Lord, still, and so forth,

Enter Vrswicke the Recorder.

Sh. My Lord, now here comes M. Recorder.

Re. Good euen my good L. Maior, the streets are chaunde,
The Bridge well manned & euery place prepaide,
Shall we now goe together and consult,
What else there is to be determinde of:

M. Your comming M. Recorder was the thing
We all desired, therefore let vs consult,
And now what say ye, if with halfe our power,
We issue forth, and giue the rebels fight?

Recor. Before they doe prouoke vs nearer hand
There were no way to that, if all be please,
Whats your opinion M. Ioffeline:

Ioff. Good sooth my L. Maior, and M. Recorder,
You may take your choice, but in my conceite,
I issue if you will, or else stay if you will,
A man can neuer be too warie and so forth,
Yet as to issue will not be the worst,
Euen so to tarrie well, you may thinke more on't,
But all is one, we shall be sure to fight,
And you are wise enough, to see your time, I, I, a Gods
name.

Recor. My Lord accept his meaning better then his counsel.

M. I.

of King Edward the fourth.

Mai. I, so we do, or else we were to blame,
What if wee stoppe the passage of the Thames,
With such provision as we haue of shippes:

Recor. Its doubtfull yet my Lord, whether the rebelles,
Purpose that way to seeke our detriment,
Rather me seemeth they will come by land,
And either make assault at Londonbidge,
Or else at Algate, both which enterances,
Were good they should be strongly fortified.

Ios. Well said maister Recor. you do, I I, I warrant ye.

Re. As for the other, the whole companies
Of Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, and the rest,
Are drawne together for their best defence,
Beside the Tower, a neighbour to that place,
As on the one side it will cleere the river,
So on the other with their Ordnance,
It may repulse and beate them from the gate.

Mai. What noyse is this: provide ye sodainly: A noyse
And euerie man betake him to his charge. within.

Enter a Messenger.

Shore Soft who is this, how now my friend what news?

Mes. My maister the Lieutenant of the Tower, giues ye
to vnderstand, he hath descried the armie of the rebels.

Recor. Which way come they?

Mes. From Cesterward, and therefore tis his mind,
You guard both Algate well, and Bishopsgate.

Mai. Saint George away, and let vs all resolute,
Either to vanquish this rebellious rout,
Preserue our goods, our children and our wiues,
Or seale our resolution with our liues.

Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge, Spicing, with his troups.

Fal. Summon the Cittie, and commaund our entrance,
Which if we shall be stubburnly denide,
Our power shall rush like thunder through the walles,

Spic. Open your gates sliues when I comand ye,
Spicing beates on the gates, and then enters the L. Maior

The first part of

ior and his associates with prentises.

M. What he that beates thus at the Cittie gates,
Commanding entrance as he were a king?

Fa. He that will haue releasment for a king:

¶ Thomas Neuell the Lord Falconbridge,

Sp. Ho Sirra, you, claperdudgen, vnlock, vnbolt,
Or Ile bolt you if I get in, stand you preaching with a pope

M. We haue no warrant Tho. Falconbridge,
To let your armed troupes into our Cittie,
Considering you haue taken bp these armes,
Against our soueraigne and our countries peace.

Fa. I tell the Maior, and know he tels thee so,
That commeth armed in a kings defence,
That I craue entrance in Kings Henries name,
In right of the true line of Lankaster,
He thinks that word spoke from a Neuils mouth
Should like an earthquake rend your chained
And teare in peces your portcullises, (gates,
I thunder it againe into your eares,
You stout and bzaue couragious Londoners,
In Henries name I craue my entrance in, (here,

R. Should Henries name comand thee entrance
We should denie aleageance vnto Edward,
Whose true and faithfull subiects we are sworne,
And in whose presence is our sword bp borne.

Fa. I tell thee traitor then thou bearest thy
Against thy true vndoubted king, (sword
S. ho. Nay then I tell thee bassard Falconbridge,
My Lord Maior beares his sword in his defence,
That put the sword into the armes of London,
Made the Lord Maiors for ever after knights,
Richard, deposde by Henrie Bullingbrooke,
From whom the house of Yorke doth claime their right.

Fa. What he that answers vs thus sanctly?

Smo. Sirra your name, that we may know ye hereafter,

Sho. My name is Shoare, a Goldsmith by my trade,

Fal.

King Edward the Fourth.

Fal. What not that Shoare that hath the daintie wife,
Shoares wife, the flowre of London for her beantie.

Sho. Yes rebell even the verie same.

Spy. Runne rascall and fetch thy wife to our Generall
presently, or else all the Gold in Cheapside cannot ransom
her: wilt thou not stirre when I bidde thee.

Fa. Shoare listen me, thy wife is mine thats flatte,
This night in thine owne house shee sleepes with me,
Poore Crosbie Lord Maior shall wee enter in:

Ma. Crosbie the Lord Maior tels thee proud rebell no.

Fal. Po Crosbie shall I not: then doating Lord,
I cramme the name of rebell downe thy throate,
Theres not the poorest rascall in my campe,
But if hee chance to meete thee in Cheapside
Upon thy footecloath, he shall make thee light,
And hold his stirrop while he mount thy horse,
Then lackie him which way he please to goe,
Crosbie He make the Cittizens be gladde,
To send thee and the Aldermen thy brethren,
All manacled, and chainde like Gally slaues,
To ransom them, and to redeeme the Cittie.

M. Nay then proud rebell, pause & heare me speak,
Theres not the poorest and meanest Cittizen,
That is a faithfull subject to the king,
But in despite of thy rebellious route,
Shall walke to Bowe, a small wand in his hand,
Although thou lie encamped at Mileend Greene,
And not the proudest rebell of you all,
Shall dare to touch him for his damned soule.
Come, we will pull by our portcullises,
And let me see thee enter if thou dare,

Fa. Spoken like a man, and true beluet tacket,
And we will enter or sticke by the way.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Recorder, and Iosseline.

M. Wheres maister Recorder, and maister Iosseline?

Recor. Here my Lord Maior, wee nowe haue made the
walles

The first part of

walles, and fortified such places as were needfull,
Mai. Why it is well, brothers and Cittizens,
Sticke to your Cittie as good men should do,
I thinke that in Richards time even such a rebell,
Was then by Walworth the Lord Maior of London,
Stabbed dead in Smithfield:

Then shew your selues as it befits the time,
And let this find a hundreth Malworths now,
Dare stabbe a rebell were he made of brasse,
And Wrentises stick to your officers,
For you may come to be as we are now,
God and our King against an arrant rebell,
Brothers away, let vs defend our wallis:

1 Pren. My Lord your words are able to inspire,
A double courage in a cowards breast,
Then feare not vs although our chirtunes be bare,
Our hearts are good, the triall shall be seene,
Against these rebels on this champion greene.

2 Pren. We haue no tricks nor pollicies of warre,
But by the ancient custome of our Fathers,
Wele soundly lay it on, take off that wil.
And London Wrentises be rulde by me,
Die ere ye loose faire Londons libertie:

S. How now my flatcaps, are ye grown so braue?
Tis but your words, when matters come to prooue,
Youle scudde as twere a companie of sheepe,
My counsaile therefore is to keepe your shoppes,
What lacke you, better will beserue your mouths,
Then termes of warre, in sooth you are too yong:

Pr. Sirra go too, you shall not find it so,
Flatcappes thou calst vs, wee scozne not the name,
And shortly by the vertue of our swords,
Wele make your cappe so sit vnto your crowne,
As sounce and cappe and all kisse the ground.

2 P. You are those desperat idle swaggering mates,
That haunt the suburbs in the time of peace,

And

King Edward the Fourth.

And raise vp ale-house brankes in the streete,
And when the rumour of the war beginnes,
You hide your heades, and are not to be found,
Thou termest it better that we keepe our shops,
It's good indeed we should haue such a care,
But yet for all our keeping now and then,
Your weltring fingers breake into our lockes,
Untill at Tyborne you acquite the taulc:

Go to, albeit by custome we are milde,
As those that doe professe chullity,
Yet being moude a nest of angrie hoznets
Shall not be more offensive then we will,
Weele sit about your eares and sting your harts.

Ioss. He tels you truth my friends, and so forth.

Fa. Who can endure to be so braude by boyes?

1. Pr. Nay scozne vs not that we are Prentises,
The Chronicles of England can report,
What memorable actions we haue done,
To which this dayes attributment shall be knit,
To make the volume larger then it is.

Ma. How of mine honor, pee do cheare my heart
Braue English offspringes, ballantly resolute,

2. Pr. My Lord returne you backe, let vs alone,
You are our Masters, giue vs leaue to worke,
And if we do not banquish them in fight,
Let vs go supperles to bed at night.

Exeunt all but Spicing, Smoke, and their
crew.

Spi. Sm. get thee vp on the top of S. Buttolphes Steple,
and make a proclamation.

Smoke What a plague should I proclatme there?

Spi. That the bels be rung backwarde,
And cutting of throates be cride hauoke,
No more calling of lanthorne and candlelight,
That maidenheades be valued at nill nothing:
And Hacke be solde by the Gallot.

The first part of

That no piding slaue stand to picke a Locke, but slash me off the hinges, as one would slit vp a Cowes pannich.

Spicing. Let no man haue lesse then a warehouse to his wardrope: crie a figge for a Sergeant, and walke by the Counter like a Lord, plucke out the Clapper of Bow bell, and hang vp all the Sextons in the Cittie.

Smoke. Rantam Scantam, Rogues follow your Leader, Canallero Spicing the maddest slaue that ere pind spice in a mortar.

Spi. Take me an Usurer by the greasie pouch, and shake out his Crownes, as a hungrie dog would shake a Haggas, Barre soule play Rogues, and liue by honest filching and stealing, he that hath a true finger, let him forsaite his face to the fryingpan.

Follow your Leader Rogues, follow your Leader.

Smoke. Assault, Assault, and crie a Falconbridge.

Iosseline on the walles cries to them.

Ioss. Sirra Spicing, if Spicing bee thy name, wee are here for matters and capes as it might seme for the king, there fore it were good, and so forth.

Spi. Open the gates, or if we be the witchlockes, ye Rogues wee le play the Gassiffe dogs amongst you: If I wozy not a thousand of you with my teeth, let mee bee hangde in a packethreed, and so forth.

Ioss. Fond felloiw, iustice is to be bled, I marie is it, and law in some sort as it were is. to be followed, oh God forbid else, this our Magistrate hath power as it might seme, and so forth, for dutie is to be obserued, & Officers must be obeyed, to sort and calling, and so forth.

Spi. Weele talke more anone, good M. and so forth.

Here is a very fierce assault on all sides, wherein the Prentises do great seruice.

Enter Falconbridge angrie with his men.

Fal. Why this it is to trust to these bale Rogues.

This durty scum of rascall pesantrie:

This

King Edward the Fourth.

This hartles rout of base rascalitie;
A plague vpon you all, you cowardly Rogues;
You craue and Curres, you slimy muddy clothes,
Whose courage but consistes in multitude,
Like sheepe and neat that follow one an other,
Which if one runne away, all follow after:
This hedge-bred Rascall, this filthy scie of ditches,
A vengeance take you all, this tis to leade you,
Now doe you crie and shrike at euery shooke,
A hot consuming mischiefe follow you.

Spi. Swoundes scale Rogues, scale, a Falconbridge, a
Falconbridge.

Enter Lord Maior and his traine.

Ma. Set open the gates, nay then weell sally out,
It neuer shall be said when I was Maior,
The Londoners were shut vp in the Cittie,
Then crie king Edward, and lets issue out.

Fal. Now if you be true hearted Englishmen,
The Gates set open and the portcullise vp:
Lets Well Well in, to stop their passage out,
He that first enters, be possesse of Cheape,
I giue it him freely, and the chiefest wench.

Spi. That he can finde, let that lie in the bargain. Exeunt

The Lord Maior and the Cittizens hauing valiantly
repulsed the Rebels from the Cittie: Enters Falcon-
bridge and Spicing and their traine wounded and dis-
maied.

Spi. Hear'st thou Generall, theres hote drinke at the
Mouth at Bishopsgate, for our souldiers are all Mouth, they
lie like Rascals with their Braines beaten out, therefore
since we are all like to feed hogges in Houndsditch, let vs re-
tire our troupes, and saue our maimed men, or if we issue fur-
ther, we are put to the sword every in others sonne of vs.

Fal. Art thou that villaine in whose damned mouth,
Was neuer heard of any word but woundes?

The First part of

Whose recreant limbes are nocht with gaping scarres,
Thicker then any carking craft-mans skoe,
Whose very skalpe is scratcht and cralde and broken,
Like an old mazzet beaten on the stones,
And standst thou now to saue our mained men?
A plague vppon thee coward.

Spi. Why how now base Thomas? Swoundes, wert thou a base Tiall, thou art but a rascall and a rebel as I am, heark thou, if I do not turne true Subiect and leaue thee, let me be wurried with dogs, Swoundes dost thou impeach my manhood: Tom Neuill thou hadst as good to haue damnd thy selfe as vttered such a word, flatly I forsake thee, and all þ loue Ned Spicing follow me.

Here the rest offer to follow him.

Fal. Come come yee teastie foole, thou seeest me græude, yet canst not beare with mine infirmity, Thou knowest I holde thee for as tall a man As any liues or breathes our English aire, I know there liues not a more fierie spirite, A more resolued valiant, a plague vpon it, Thou knowest I lone thee, yet if a word escapes My lips in anger, how teastie then thou art? I had rather all men left me then thy selfe, Thou art my soule, thou art my Genius: I cannot liue without thee not an hower, Thus must I still be sayd against my will, aside, To sooth this durty flauie, this cowardly rascall. Come, come be friendes, yee teastie firebrand, We must retire there is no remedy.

Spi. Nay Tom, if thou wilt haue me mount on the waller And cast my selfe downe headlong on their pikes, He do it, but to impeach my valour, Had any man but thou spoke halfe so much, I would haue split his heart, still beware My valour, such words go hardly downe, (spakest thou) I am friends, thou thoughtest not as thou

of King Edward the fourth.

Fal. No on my soule, thou thinkst not that I did,
Sound a retrait there I command ye strait,
But whither shall wee retire?

Spi. To Mileend Greene, theres no fitter place,

Fal. Then let vs back retire to Mileend Greene,
And there expect fresh succour from our friendes,
With such supply as shall ere long assure
The Citie is our own, march on, alway. Exeunt.

Enter the L. Maior with his train and prentises.

Maior We haue bestird yee like good Cittizens,
And shewne your selues true subiects to your king,
You worthily prentises bestirde your selues,
That it did cheere my heart to see your valour,
The rebels are retirde to Mileende Greene.

Rc. Where so we may not suffer them to rest.
But issue forth vpon them with fresh force.

Ios. My L. Maior, diligence doth wel, & so forth.
Matters must be looked into as they ought, indeed
Should they, when things are well done, they are,
and so forth, for causes and things must indeede be
lookt into.

M. Wel sir, we very wel conceiue your meaning,
And you haue shewn your self a worthy gentlemā:
See that our walls be kept with courts of guard,
And wel defended against the enemye,
For we wil now withdraw vs to Guild hall,
To take aduise what further must be don. Exeunt

Enter maister Shore and Iane his wife.

Shore Be not afraid (sweete heart) the worst is past,
God haue the praise, the victorie is ours,
We haue preuaile, the rebels are repulsoe,
And euerie strēte of London soundeth ioy,
Canst thou then (gentle Iane) be sad alone?

Iane I am not sad now you are here with me,

The first part of

My joy, my hope, my comfort, and my love,
My deere, deere husband, kindest Mathew Shoare,
But when these armes the circles of my soule,
Were in the sight so forward as I heard,
How could I choose, sweete heart, but be afraid?

Sho. Why dost thou tremble now, when perils past?

Ia. I thinke vpon the horroz of the time,
But tel me why you fought so desperately?

Sho. First to maintaine King Edwards royaltie,
Next to defend the Citties libertie,
But cheefely Iane to keepe thee from the soyle,
Of him that to my face did bold thy spoyle,
Had he preailde, where then had beene our liues,
Dishonored our daughters, rauished our faire wiues,
Possessed our goods, and set our seruants free,
Yet al this nothing to the losse of thee.

Ia. Of me sweete heart: why howe should I be lost?
Where I by thousand stoymes of fortune tost,
And should endure the pooorest wretched life,
yet Iane will be thy honest loyall wife,
The greatest Prince the sunne did euer see,
Shall neuer make me proue vntrue to thee:

Sh. I feare not faire meanes, but a rebels force,

Ia. These hands shal make this bodie a dead corse,
Ere force or flatterie shal mine honour staine, (staine.

sh. True same suruiues, when death the flesh hath

Enter an Officer from the Lord Maior.

Of. God saue ye maister Shoare, & mistress by your
Sir my L. Maior sends for ye by mee, (I came,
And prates your speedie presence at Cuyld hall,
Theres newes the rebels haue made head againe,
And haue enconce themselves vpon Mileend,
And presently our armed men must out,
You being Captaine of two companies
In honour of your valour and your skill,

King Edward the fourth.

Must leade the wayward, God & right stand with yee.

Sh. Friend tel my Lord Ile waite vpon him strait.

Ia. Friend tel my Lord he does my husband wrong,
To set him foremost in the danger still,
ye shall not go if I may haue my will,

S. Peace wife, no more, friend I will follow ye, Exit.

Ia. Faith ye shall not, yethee do not go.

Sh. Not go sweete heart: that were a cowards trick,
A traitors part to shrink when others fight,
Ennie shall neuer say that Mathew Shore
The Goldsmith staid, when other men went out,
To meete his Kings and countries enemie,
No Iane, gainst al the rebels on Mileend,
I dare alone R. Edwards right defend.

Ia. If you be slaine, what shall become of mee?

Sh. Right well my wench, inowe wil marrie thee,
I leaue thee worth at least fise thousand pound,

Ia. Marrie again: that word my heart doth wound,
Ile neuer marrie, no; I wil not liue, She weepes.
If thou be kild, let me go with thee Mar.

Sh. Tis idle talke good Iane, no more of that,
Go to my Ladie Maiorresse and the rest,
As you are stil companion with the best,
With them be merrie, and pray for our good speede,

Ia. To part from thee my verie heart doth bleed. Exeunt.

Enter Falconbridge with his troupes marching,
as being at Mileend.

Fa. Yet stand we in the sight of vprearde Troy,
And sucke the aire she draues: our verie breath
Flies from our nostrils warme vnto the walles,
We heare her bristling spires, her battled towres,
And proudly stand and gaze her in the face,
Loke on me, and I doubt not ye imagine,
My worth as great as any one of yours,

The first part of

My fortunes, would I basely saue on Edward,
 To be as faire as any mans in England,
 But he that keeps your soueraigne in the Towre,
 Hath seazde my land, and robd me of my right,
 I am a Gentleman as well as hee,
 What he hath got, he holdes by tyrannie,
 Now if you saint or cowardly should sie,
 There is no hope for any one to liue,
 We heare the Londoners will leaue the Citty,
 And bidde vs battaile here on Mileend Greene,
 Whom if we vanquish, then we take the towne,
 And ride in triumph thorow Cheape to Paules,
 The Mint is ours, Cheap, Linbard street our owne,
 The meaneſt ſouldier wealthier then a King.

Spi. March faire ye rogues, all kings or cap-
 knitters: dost thou heare Tom Falconbridge? I
 pre thee grant me one boone I ſhal aſke thee.

Fa. What is it ſped: its hard I ſhould denie thee.

Spi. Why that when we haue wonne the Citty, as wee
 cannot chooſe but winne it, that I may haue the knighting
 of all theſe rogues and rascalles.

Fal. What then?

Sp. What then? Zounds I ſcozne your ſcuruſe wry mou-
 thed, what then: now a pore take me if I fight a blow.

Fal. Why this is fine, go to, knight whom thou wilt:

Spi. Who, I knight any of them? He ſee them hangde firſt
 for a companie of tattered ragged rascalles, if I were a king,
 I would not knight one of them:

Chub. What not mee Cavalero Chub?

Spi. Yes, I care not if I knight thee: and yet He ſe thee
 hangd ere ile honour thee ſo much: I care not ſo much for
 the matter, but I would not be denide my humour.

Fal. Why what a peruerſe fellow art thou Ned?

Spi. Ho my fine Tom, my braue Falconbridge, my mad
 Creeke, my luſtie Neuill: thou art a king, a Ceſar, a
 plague on thee, I loue thee not, and yet He die with thee.

Enter

King Edward the Fourth.

Enter the Lord Maior, Recorder, Ioffeline, Shoare,
and their Souldiours marching.

Maior. See how rebellion can exalte it selfe,
Pruning the feathers of sicke discipline. (looks,

Recor. They think they can outlook our truer
S. Marke but the scornfull eye of Falconbridge.

M. I rather thinke his feare vpon his cheeke,
Decyphers pale disturbance in his heart.

Iof. Our comming forth hath, wel, I say no more,
But shall we take occasion, and so forth,
Rebellion should haue no respite, oh my Lord,
The time hath beene, but all is one for that.

Spi. How like a troupe of rank ore ridden Jades,
You bushie bearded Cittizens appeare?

Chub. Say, rather so many men in the Doone,
And euerie one a furzen bush in his mouth. (them,

Spi. The foure & twentie wards: now faire befall
Would any one haue thought before this houre,
There had beene such increase of middle states?

Spi. Peace souldiours, they are resolute you see,
And not to flatter vs, nor fauour them,
Such haughtie stomacks seldome haue been scene,
Imbodied in the breasts of Cittizens,
How sternely in their owne peculiar strength,
Without the assistance of their lingering king,
Did they of late repulse vs from their walles?

And now againe how expeditiously,
And vnerpected they haue met vs here?
Were we more deadly incensed then we are,
I would not but commend their chualrie.

Spi. Captaine, shal we go challenge them to fight?
Should we burne daylight, thelle thinke anon,
We are afraid to see their glittering swords.

Ch. Tell them they come in stead of pudding pies,
And Stratford cakes to makes a banquet here.

Fal. Soft giue me leaue, I wil deuise with words,

The first part of

To weaken and abash their fortitude,

Re. The Bastard offers to come forth my Lord.

Ma. I am the man intend to answer him.

Fa. Crosbie.

Ma. Traytor.

all Traitor: wounds do wne with him.

Fa. Be patient, giue me leane I say to speake,

I doubt not but the traitors name shall rest

With those that keeps their latwai R. in bonds:

Peane time ye men of London once againe,

Behold my warlike colours are displaide,

which I haue bolvd shall neuer be wrapt vp,

Untill your losse buildings kisse our feet,

Unlesse you grant me passage thzough your streets.

Re. Passage, sayst thou: that must be oze our

If any passage thou art like to haue. (breasts;

Fa. Why then vpon your bodies will I tread,

And wade thzough standing pooles of your lost blood.

Sh. We know thy threats, and reckon them as wind,

Not of sufficient powre to shake a reede.

Spi. But we shooke your gates not long agoe,

And made your walles to shake like yish bagges.

Chub. I, and so terrified ye, that not one of ye durst come
to fetch a pinte of sacke at the mouth at Bishopsgate; no not
for your liues.

Ios. I but you know what followed, and so forth.

Spi. Et cetera: are you there? mee thinks the sight of the
dun Bull, the Neuels honord crest, should make you leane
your broken sentences, and quite forgette euer to speake at
all.

Sho. Nay then looke thou vpon our Citties armes,
Wherein is a bloudie dagger, that is it,

Wherewith a rebell like to Falconbridge,

Had his desert, meete for his trecherie,

Can you behold that, and not quake for feare.

Re. Since when, it is successiuelly decreed,

Traitors

King Edward the Fourth.

Traitors with vs shal neuer better speede.

Sp. Captaine and fellow souldiours talke no more,
But draw your meaning forth in down right blowes.

Falcon. Sound then alarm.

Maier, Do the like for vs, and where the right is,
there attend successe.

Ios. Stay and be better aduise, why countrymen,
What is this Falconbridge you follow so?

I could instruct you, but you know my mind.

And Falconbridge what are these rusticalles,

Thou shouldst repose such confidence in glasse,

Shall I informe thee: no, thou art wise enough,

Edward of Yorke belates the time you say,

Therefore hee will not come, imagine so,

The Citties weake, hold that opinion stil,

And your pretence king Henries libertie.

True, but as how: shall I declare you: no.

What then youle fight, a gods name take your choise,

I can no more but giue you mine aduise.

Fal. Away with this parenthesis of words,

Crosbie courage thy men, and on this greene,

whose cause is right, let it be quickly scene.

Maier I am, as reade as thou canst desire,

On then a Gods name.

They fight, the rebels drive them backe: then
enter Falconbridge and Spicing.

Fa. This was well fought, now Spicing list to me,

The Cittizens thus hauing giuen vs ground,

And therefore somewhat daunted, take a band

Of Essex souldiours, and with all the speede

Then possibly canst make, with draw thy selfe,

And get betweene the Cittie gates and them.

Sp. Oh braue Tom Neuill, gallant Falconbridge,

I ayne at thy intended policie,

The First part of

This is thy meaning, while thou art imployde,
And holdst them battaile here on Dileend Greene,
I must prouide as harbenger before,
There be not onely cleere and open passage,
But the best marchants houses to receiue
Us and our retinue, I am proud of that,
And will not sleepe vpon thy iust command.

Fal. Away then I will follow as I may,
And doubt not but that ours will be the day.

After some excursions, enter Lord Maior
and maister Shoare,

Ma. We haue recouered what before we lost,
And heauen stands with the iustice of our cause,
But this I noted in the fight euen now,
That part of this rebellious crewe is sent,
By what direction, or for what intent,
I cannot ghesse, but may suspect the worst,
And as it seemes, they compasse it about,
To hemme vs in, or get the gate of vs,
And therefore Cousin Shoare, as I repose
Trust in thy valour and thy loyalltie,
Draw forth three hundred bowmen, & some pikes,
And presently encounter their assault.
Shoare. I haue your meaning, and effect my Lord,
I trust shall disappoynt them of their hope.

After an alarum, Enter Spicing with drum
and certaine Souldiours.

Sp. Come on my harts, we wil be kings to night,
Carole in Gold, and sleep with marchants wiues,
While their poore husbands loose their liues abroad,
We are now quite behind our enemies backs,
And theres no let or hindrance in the way,
But we may take possession of the towne,
Ah you mad rogues, this is the wished houre,
Follow your leader, and be resolute.

As

King Edward the fourth.

As he marcheth, thinking to enter, Shoare and his soldiers issue forth and repulse him, after excursions, wherein the rebels are disperst. Enter Maior, Rectour. Shoare, Iosseline, and a Messenger talking with the Maior.

Maior. I, my good friend, so certifie his grace,
The Rebels are disperst all and fled,
And now his Highnes meetes with victorie. — **Exit Mess.**
Parshall your selues, and keepe in good aray:
To adde more glozie to this victorie:
The king in person commeth to this place,
How great an honor haue you gainde to day:
And how much is this Citty samde for euer;
That twise without the helpe, eyther of king,
Or any, but of God, and our owne selues,
We haue preuailede against our countries foes?
Thanks to his maiestie assisted vs,
Who alwaies helps true Subiectes in their need.
The Trumpets sound, then enters king Edward, L. How,
Selling and the traine,

King. Where is my Lord Maior?

Maior. Here dread Soueraigne.
I hold no Lordship nor no dignitie,
In presence of my gracious Lord the king,
But all I humble at your highnes feet,
With the most happie conquest of proud rebels,
Disperst and fled, that now remaines no doubt,
Of euer making head to vex vs more.

K. You haue not tane the bastard Falconbridge;
Is he slaine?

M. Neither my gracious Lord.
Although we labourd to our uttermost,
Yet all our care came ouer short,
For apprehending him or Spicing eyther,
But some are taken, others on proffered grace,

The first part of

Peelded themselves, and at your mercy stand,
K. Thanks good L. Mayor, you may condemn vs
Of too much slacknes in such vrgent need:
But we assure you on our royall word,
So soone as we had gathered vs a power,
We dallied not, but made all haste we could,
What order haue ye tane for Falconbridge,
And his confederates in this rebellion?

Mayor. Under your leaue my Ledge, we haue proclaimed
Who bringeth Falconbridge alive or dead,
Shall be requited with a thousand markes,
As much for Spicing, others of lesse worth
At easier rates are set.

K. Well haue ye done,
And wee will see it paid from our Exchequer.
Now leaue we this and come to you,
That haue so well deserued in these affaires,
Affaires, I meane of so maine consequence.
Kneele downe and all of you receiue in field,
The honoz you haue merited in field.

There he drawes his sword and knightes them.
Arise Sir Iohn Crosbie, L. Mayor of London and knight.
Arise by Sir Ralph Iosseline knight.
Arise Sir Thomas Vrswicke our Recorder of London, and
knight.

Now tell me which is M. Shoare.

Ma. This same my Lord,
And hand to hand he fought with Falconbridge,
King. Shoare kneele thou downe.

What call pee else his name?

Recor. His name is Mathew Shoare my Lord.

K. Shoare, why kneelest thou not, and at thy Soueraignes
hand receiue thy right?

Shoare. Pardon me gracious Lord,
I do not stand contemptuous or despising,
Such royall fauour of my Soueraigne,

King Edward the fourth.

But to acknowledge mine unworthiness:
 Far be it from the thought of Matthew Shore, that now
 That he should be aduanc'd with Aldermen, and
 With our L. Maior, & our right graue Recorder:
 If any thing hath beene perform'd by me,
 That may deserue your Highnes meanest respect,
 I haue inough, and I desire no more;
 Then let me craue that I may haue no more.

King. Well, be it as thou wilt, some other way
 We will deuise to quittance thy desertes,
 And not to faile therein vpon my word.
 Now let me tell ye all my frendes at once,
 Your king is married, since you saw him last;
 And haste, to helpe you in this needfull time,
 Hade me on sudden to forsake my byde.
 But seeing all thinges are fallen out so well,
 And there remaines no further doubt of ill,
 Let me entreate you would goe boote your selues,
 And bring your king a little on his way.
 How say you my Lord, shal it be so?

M. Now God forbide but that my Lord the king
 Should alwaies haue his Subiectes at command;
 Ioss. Forbid quotha? I in good sadness, your maiestie
 Iestie shall finde vs alwaies readie, and so forth.

King. Why then set forward Gentlemen;
 And come L. Maior, I must conferre with you.

Exeunt

Enter Falconbridge and Spicing with their
 weapons in their handes.

Spi. Art thou the man whose victories drawn at
 Pild enerphcart with terroz of thy name?
 Art thou that Neuill whome we tooke thee for?
 Thou art a losse, thou bastard Falconbridge:
 Thou baler then a bastard, in whose birth
 The very dregges of seruitude appeares,
 Why tel me, liuer of some rotten sheepe,

The first part of

After by thy allurements we are brought,
To undertake this course, after thy promises
Of many golden mountaines to ensue,
Is this the greatest comfort thou canst giue?
Hast thou insnarde our heedles feet with death,
And brought vs to the Ribbet of defame,
And now do st bid vs shift and lane our selues?
No craven were I sure I should be tane,
I would not stirre my feet, untill this hand
Had benged me on thee for misguiding vs.

Fal. Opprobrious villaine, stable excrement,
That neuer dreamst of other manhood yet,
But how to ierke a horse, untill my wordes
Insulde into thee resolutions fire.
Controlst thou me for that wherein thy selfe,
Art onely the occasion of mishap:
Hast thou and they stoode to it aswell as I,
The day had beene our owne, and London now;
That laughes in triumph, should haue wept in
But being backt by such saint harted slaues (teares
No maruaille if the Lyon go to wracke,
As though it were not incident to kinges,
Somet me to take repulse, mine is no more:
Nor is not for that muddy braine of thine
To tutor me how to digest my losse,
Then flie with those that are already fled,
Or stay behinde, and hang all but the head.

Spi. Oh prejudice to Spicinges conquering name,
Whose valour euē the hawks this sword has made
Upon the flint, and iron barres at Aldgate:
Like moorthes wil publish whiles the Citty stands
That I shrinke backe: that I was neuer seene
To shew my manly spleene, but with a whip:
I tell thee Falconbridge the least of these,
Do challenge bloud before they be appeale,

Fal. Away ye scoundzell, tempt not my resolve,

The

King Edward the Fourth.

The courage that suruiues in Falconbridge,
Scornes the encounter of so base a yndge.

Spi. By the pure temper of this sword of mine,
By this true flesh and bloud that gripes the same,
And by the honour I did winne of late,
Against those frostie bearded Cittizens,
It shall be triue befoze we do depart,
Whether accuseth other wrongfully,
Of which of vs two is the better man.

Fal. I shall but quit the Hangman of a labour,
Yet rather then to be vphraided thus,
The Eagle once will stoop to feede on carrion.

They fight, enter Chub.

Ch. Hold if ye be men, if not, hold as ye are: rebels strong
theenes: I bring you newes of a proclamation; the king
hath promised that whosoever can bring the head of Falcon-
bridge, or Spiering, shall haue for his labour a thousande
crownes, what meane you then to swagger, I saue your
selues.

Spi. This proclamations come in happie time,
He vanquish Falconbridge, and with this sword,
Cutte off his head, and beare it to the king;

So not alone shall I be pardoned,
But haue the thousand crownes is promised.

Fal. This rascall was ordainde to saue my life,
For now when I haue ouerthrowne the wretch,
Euen with his head he yeeld me to the king,

His princely word is past to pardon mee,
And though I were the cheefe in this rebellions,
Yet this will be a meanes to make my peace.

Chub. Oh that I knew how to betray them both.

Fal. How sayst thou Spi. wilt thou yeeld thy selfe?
For I haue volde either alive or dead
To bring thee to King Edward.

Sp. And I haue volde the like by thee.

The first part of

How will these two bad contraries agree?

Chub. And I the same by both of you.

Fal. Come sir, ile quickly rid you of that care.

Spi. And what thou lovest me, shall be my share.

Chub. Here comes a miller, helpe to part the fray,

These are the rebelles Falconbridge and Spicing,

The worst of them is worth a thousand crotones.

Mill. Harrie and such a boote would I haue,

Submit, submit, it is in baime to strue, a exir, Fal.

Spi. Why what art thou?

Mill. One that will hamper you,

But whats the other that is fletde alway?

Chub. Oh miller, that wrs Falconbridge,

And this is Spicing, his companion.

Spi. I tell thee Miller thou hast bene the meane,

To hinder the most charitable deedes,

That euer honest Christian undertooke.

Chub. thou canst beare me witness I had tane

That most notorious rebell but for him.

M. But I haue taken thee, and the world knows,

That Spicing is as badde as who is best.

Spi. Why thou mistakst, I am a true subject.

Chub. Miller hee lies, he sure to hold him fast.

Spicing. Dost thou accuse me? apprehend him too,

For hees as guiltie as any of vs.

Miller, Come you shall both together answere it,

Before my Lord Maior, and here hee comes.

Enter Lord Maior, Iosceline, and other attendants.

Ma. Sir Ralph Iosceline, haue you euer seerie a prince

more affable, then Edward is: what merrie talke he had vpon

on the way.

Ios. Doubtlesse my Lord heele proue a royall king.

But how now what are these?

Miller. God saue your honour,

Here I present vnto you my lord Maior,

A paire of rebelles, whom I did chuse out.

King Edward the Fourth.

As I was busie grinding at my mill,
And taking them for vagrant idle knaues,
That had beset some trueman from his house,
I came to keepe the peace, but after ward,
Found that it was the bastard Falconbridge,
And this his mate together by the eares,
The one, for al that I could doo. escape,
The other standeth at your mercie here.

Maio. It is the rebell Spicing.

Spicing. It is indeede?

I see you are not blind you know mee then.

Mai. Well miller, thou hast done a subiects part,
And worthily deseruist that recompence
Is publikey proclaimed by the King,
But whats this other? I haue seene his face,
And as I take it, he is one of them.

Mil. I must confesse, I took them both together,
Hee ayded me to apprehend the rest.

Chub. A telles you true my Lord, I am Chub
the Chaundler, and I curse the time that euer I
saw their faces, for if they had not beene, I had
liued an honest man in mine owne countrie, and
neuer come to this.

Sp. Out rogue, dost thou recant for feare of death?
I Maioz, I am he that sought to cut your throate,
And since I haue miscarried in the fact,
Ile nere denie it, do the worst you can.

Ma. Bring him away, he shal haue martial law,
and at the next tree we do come vnto,
be hangde to rid the world of such a wretch,
Miller thy dutie is a thousand marks,
which must be sharde betwixt thee and this poore
fellow, that did reueale him. And Sirra, your life
is lande, on this condition, that you hang vp Spi
cing, how sayst thou, wilt thou do it?

Chub. Will I doo it? what a question is that?

The First part of

I would hang him if he were my Father, to save mine owne life.

Maio^r. Then when yee haue done it, come home to my house, and there ye truly shall haue your rewarde.

Spi. Well sirra, then thou must be my hangman:

Chub. I by my troth sir, for fault of a better.

Spi. Well, commend me to little Wim; and pray her to redeeme my pande hose, they lie at the blew Boze for eleuen pence, and if my hostesse will haue the other odde penie, tell her she is a damned halwde, and there is no truth in her scoze.

Chub. Take no thought sir for your pande hose, they are lousie, and not worth the redeeming.

Spi. There is a Constable sticks in my mind, hee got my sword from me, that night I should haue killed black Ralph, if I had liude, I would haue bene meete with him.

Chub. I sir, but heres a thing shall take an order for that.

Spi. Commend me to blacke Luce, bounding Bessie, and lustie Kate, & al the other pretie morsels of mans flesh. Farewell Pinke and Winnesse, Jillboate, and Caruell, Turnbull, and Spittle, I die like a man.

Chub. Oh Captaine spicing, thy vaine enticing,
brought mee from my trade,
from good candles making, to this paines taking,
a rebell to be made,
Therefore Ned Spicing, to quit thy enticing,
this must be thy hope,
By one of thy fellows, to be led to the Gallies,
to end in a rope.

Exeunt

Enter Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

Hobs. Dudgeon, dost thou heare, look wel to Brocke my mare, drive Dunne and her faire and softly downe the hill, and take heede the thornes teare not the hornes of my Cowe hides, as thou goest neere the hedges: ha, what saist thou knaue: is the Bulles hide done: why lay it by again, what care I: He meete thee at the stile, and help to set all straight,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And yet God helpe, its a creaked world, and an vnthriftie, for some that haue nere a shoe, had rather go barefoote, then by clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new, for they haue time enough to mend al, they sit so long betwix the cuppe and the wall, well God amend them, God amende them. Lette me see by my executor here, my leather pouch, what I haue taken, what I haue spent, what I haue gained, what I haue lost, and what I haue laide out: my taking is moze then my spending, for heres stoz left. I haue spent but a groate, a pennie for my two Iades, a pennie to the poore, a pennie pot of ale, and a pennie cake for my man and me, A dicker of Colwhides cost mee

Here enter the Queene and Duchesse with their riding rodde, vnpiouning their masks, Hobs goes forward. Snailles who comes here? mistris Ferries, or mistris what call ye her? Put vpp Iohn Hobs, money teimpts beautie.

Du. Well met good fellow, sawst thou not the hart?

Ho. My heart? God blesse me from seeing my heart.

Du. Thy heart? the deere man, we demaund the deere.

Hobs. Do you demaund whats deere: marie cozne and colw hides, Passe a good smug lasse, well like my daughter Nell, I had rather then a bend of leather thee and I might smutch together.

Duchesse. Camst thou not downe the woodde?

Hobs. Yes mistris that I did.

Duch. And sawst thou not the deere imboss.

Hobs. By my hood ye make me laugh, what the dickens is it loue that makes ye prate to me so fondly, by my fathers soule I would I had iobd faces with you.

Huntsm. Why how now Hobs, so saucie with the Duchesse and the Queene?

Hobs. much Queene I trow, these be but women, and one of them is like my wench, I would she had her ragges, I would giue a load of heare and hornes, and a fat of leather, to match her to some Iustice, by the meg hollie.

a Hunts. Be silent Tanner, and aske pardon of the Queen,

The first part of

Hobs. And ye bee the Quene, I crie ye merchie good mis-
tris Quene.

Q. No fault my friend, Madam lets take our bowes,
And in the standing seeke to get a shoote.

Du. Come bend our bowes, and bying the herd of deere.

Excunt.

Hobs. Godsend yee good standing, and good striking, and fat
flesh, see if all Gentlewomen be not alike when theyr blacke
faces be on, I took the Quene, as I am true Tanner, for
mistris Ferris.

Enter Sellenger and Howard in Greene.

Hobs. Soft, who comes here, moze knaues yet?

Sel. Ho, good fellow, sawst thou not the King?

Hobs. No good fellow, I saw no king, which king doost
thou aske for.

How. Why King Edward, what king is there else?

Hob. Theres another King and ye could hit on him, one
Harrie, one Harrie, and by our Ladie they say, hees the ho-
nestest man of the two.

Sellen. Sirra beware you speake not treason.

Hobs. What if I do?

Sellen. Then thoult be hangde.

Hobs. A dogges death, ile not meddle with it, for by my
troth I know not when I speake treason, when I do not,
theres such halting betwixt two kings, that a man cannot
go byright, but he shall offend tone of them, I would God
had them both for me.

How. Well, thou sawst not the king?

Hobs. No, is he in the countrie?

How. Hees Hunting here at Drayton Bassett.

Hobs. The deuill he is, God blesse his mastership: I sawe
a woman here that they said was the Quene, shees as like
my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as euer I see.

Sel. Farewell fellow, speake well of the King, Excunt.

Hobs. God make him an honest man, I hope thats well
spoken, for byth mouse foote, some giue him hard words,
whether

King Edward the fourth.

whether he serues him or not, let him looke to that, He med-
dle of my cow hide, and let the world slide.

Enter the king disguised.
The Diuell in a dung cart, holue these rorysters swarms in
the Countre now the King is so neere: God liue me from
this, for this lookes like a theefe, but a man cannot tell a-
mongst these Courtfoles whoes true.

K. Ed. Holla my friend, good fellow pre thee stay,
Hob. Of such matter, I haue more baste of my way.
K. Ed. If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.
Hobs. My purse thou meanest, I am no good fellow, and I
pray God thou beest not one.

K. Edward. Why dost thou not loue a good fellow?
Hobs. No, good fellows bee theenes.
K. Edw. Dost thou thinke I am one?
Hobs. Thought is free, and thou art not my ghostly father.
K. Ed. I meane thee no harme.

Hobs. Who knowes that but thy selfe? I pray God he spie
not my purse.

K. Ed. On my troth I meane thee none.
Hobs. Upon thy oath ile stay: now, what sayst thou to mee?
speake quickly, for my company stales for me beneath at the
next stile.

K. Ed. The king is hunting hereabouts, dost thou see his
grateffie?

Hobs. His maiestie, whats that: his horse, or his mare?
K. Ed. Tush, I meane his Grace.

Hobs. Grace quotha: pray God he haue anse: which King
dost thou quire for?

K. Ed. Why for King Edward, knowst thou any more
Kings then one?

Hobs. I know not so many, for I tell thee I know none,
marie I heare of King Edward.

K. Ed. Dost thou see his Highnesse?
Hobs. By my hollidame, thats the best tearme thou gaust
him yet, hees high enough, but hee has put poore King Harrie
lowe

The first part of

low enough.

K. Ed. How low hath he put him?

Hay, I cannot tell, but he has put him downe, for hee has got the crowne, much good doot him with it.

K. Ed. Amen, I like thy talke so well, I would I knew thy name.

Hobs. Dost thou not know mee?

K. Ed. No.

Hobs. Then thou knowst no bodie: dost neuer heare of Iohn Hobs the Tamer of Tamworth.

K. Ed. Not till now I promise thee, but now I like thee well.

Hobs. So do not I thee, I feare thou art some out-ride, that lyes by taking of purses here on Bassets heath, but I feare thee not, for I haue wared all my money in Colwides, at Colcill market, and my man and my mare are hard by at the hill scote.

K. Ed. Is that thy Grey mare that is tide at the stile with the hides on her backe.

Hobs. That is Brocke my mare, and theres dunne my nag, and Dudgeon my man.

K. Ed. Theres neither man nor horse, but only one mare.

Hobs. Gods blew budkin, has the knaue serude me so: fare well, I may loose hides, hornes, and mare and all, by prating with thee.

K. Ed. Carrie man, carrie, thesle sooner take my gelding then thy gray mare, for I haue tide mine by her.

Hobs. That will I see also ifle take your woozd.

K. Ed. Ile beare thee company.

Hobs. I had as lieue goe alone.

Exeunt.

Enter the two huntsmen againe with the Bowes.

1 hunt. Now on my troth the Quen shoots passing well.

2 hunt. So did the Duchesse when she was as yong.

1 hunt. Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wilde & shode.

2 hunt. What haue they giuen vs?

1 hunt. Sixe rose nobles iust:

2 hunt. The

King Edward the Fourth.

2 huntf. The Quene gaue foure.

1 huntf. True, and the Duchesse twaine.

2 huntf. Were we euer so payde for our paine.

1 huntf. But, had the King come, as they said he would, he would haue rainde vpon vs showres of gold.

2 huntf. Why he is hunting some where here about, lets first go drinke, and then go seeke him out. Exeunt.

Enter King Edward againe, and Hobs.

K. Ed. How saist thou Tanner, wilt thou take my courser for thy mare?

Hobs. Courser callst thou him: so ill mought I fare, thy skittish Jade will neuer abide, to carrie my lether, my hories nor hide.

K. Ed. But if I were so mad to scoyle, what boote wouldst thou giue mee?

Hobs. Pay boote, thats boote woorthie, I looke for boote of thee.

Hob. Ha, ha, a merrie jigge, why man, Broke my mare knowes ha and Ree, and will stand when I trie ho, and let me get vp and downe, and make water when I doe.

Ed. Ile giue thee a Noble if I like her pace, lay thy Cowhydes in my saddle, and lets fog towarde Drayton.

Hob. It's out of my way, but I begin to like thee well.

Ed. Thou wilt like me better before wee doe parte,

I pray thee tell mee, what say they of the king?

Hob. Of the kinges thou meanst, art thou no blab if I tel thee?

Ed. If the king know't not now, hee shall neuer know it for mee.

Hob. Masse they say King Harries a very aduoltrie man.

King. A deuout man, and whats king Edward?

Hobs. Hees a franke franion, a merie companion and loues a wench well, they say he has married a pooze widow because shes faire.

King. Dost thou like him the worse for that?

Hob. No by my feckens, but the better, for though I bee

The first part of

a plaine Tarnier, I loue a faire lasse my selfe.

King. *Prée thée tel mée, how loue they king Edward?*

Hob. Faith as poore folkes loue hollidaies, glad to haue them now and then, but to haue them come too often, will bndow them, so to see the king now and then ti's comfourt, but euerie day would begger vs, and I may to thée, we fear wee shalbe troubled to lend him money, for wee doubt hees but needy.

King. Wouldst thou lend him no money if he should neede?

Hob. By my hallydome yes, he shall haue halfe my stoze, and he sell sole leather to helpe him to more.

King. Faith whether louest thou better Harrie or Edward.

Hob. Nay, thats counsell, and two may keepe it, if one be away.

King. Shall I say my conscience? I think Harrie is the true king.

Hob. Art aduisde of that? Harrie's of the old house of Lancaster, and that progenitie do I loue.

K. And thou dost not hate the house of Poрке?

H. Why no, for I am iust a kin to Sutton Wind-mill, I can grinde which way so ere the wind blow, if it bee Harrie I can say well fare Lancaster, if it bee Edward I can sing Poрке, Poрке for my money.

King. Thou art of my mind, but I say Harrie is the lawfull king, Edward is but an vsurper, and a foole and a Coward.

H. Nay there thou lyest, he has wit inough, and courage inough, dost thou not speake treason?

King. I, but I know to whome I speake it.

H. Dost thou? well if I were Constable, I should be forsworne if I set thée not in the stocks for it.

K. Well let it goe no further, for I did serue king Harrie and I loue him best, though now I serue king Edward.

H. Thou art the arranter knaue to speake ill of thy master, but sirra whats thy name, what office hast thou? and what

King Edward the fourth.

What wilt the king doe for thee?

K. My name is Ned, I am the kinges Butler, and he wil do more for me, then for any foble man in the Court.

Hob. The Diuell hee will, hees the more foole, and so ile tell him, if ere I see him, and I would I might see him in my pooze house at Lamwoorth.

K. Goe with me to the Court and ile bring thee to the king and what sute so ere thou haue to him, ile warrant thee to speede.

H. I ha' nothing to do at Court, ile home with my Colwidges, and if the king will come to me he shall be welcome.

K. Hast thou no sute touching thy trade, to transport hydes or sell leather onely in a certaine circuite, or about Warke, or suchlike, to haue Letters pattents?

H. By the Masse and the Pattens I like not those Wattens, sirra they that haue them, do as the Priestes did in olde time, buy and sell the sinnes of the people, so they make the king belieue they mend whats amisse, and for money they make the thing worse then it is, theres another thing int tw, the more is the pittie?

K. What pittie Iohn Hobs? I prece thee say all.

H. Faith tis pittie that one subiect should haue in his hand that might do good to many through the land.

K. Saicst thou me so Lanner? well lets cast lots whether thou shalt goe with me to Draiton, or I goe home with thee to Lamwoorth.

H. Lot me no lotting, ile not goe with thee, if thou wilt go with me, cause thart my Lieges man (and yet I thinke hee has many honestier) thou shalt bee welcome to Iohn Hobs, thou shalt bee welcome to biese and bacon, and perhappes a bagpudding, and my daughter Nell shall pop a possel vpon thee when thou gost to bed.

K. Heres my hand, ile but goe and see the king seru'de, and ile be at home as soone as thy selfe.

H. Wilt thou here me Ned? I shalbe thy host,

Thou shalt see me Ned? I shalbe thy host,

Thou shalt see me Ned? I shalbe thy host,

Thou shalt see me Ned? I shalbe thy host,

The first part of

K. Farewell Iohn Hobs, the honest true Tanner
I see plaine men by obseruation,
Of thinges that alter in the chaunge of times,
Do gather knowledge, and the meanest life,
Proportiond with content sufficiencie,
Is merier then the mighty state of kings. } Enters How
How now? what newes bring ye sirs, } and Selling.
Wheres the Queene?

Sel. Her Highnes and your mother my dread Lord,
Are both invited by Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Where they intend to feast and lodge this night,
And do expect your Graces presence there.

K. Tom Sellinger I haue other busines;
I stray from you and all my other traine,
I met a Tanner, such a mery mate,
So frolicke, and so full of good conceits,
That I haue giuen my word to be his guest,
Because he knoues me not to be the king:
God Cosen Howard grudge not at the test,
But greeete my mother and my wife from me,
Bid them be merrie, I must haue my humoz,
Let them both sup and sleepe when they see time,
Commend me kindly to Sir Humphrey Bowes,
Tell him at breakfast I will visite him.
This night Tom Sellinger and I must feast
With Hobs the Tanner, there plaine Ned and Tom,
No king no; Sellinger for a thousand pound.

Enter a Messenger booted with letters,
and kneeling giues them to the king. -

How. The Queene and Dutches will be discontent,
Because his Highnes comes not to the feast.

Sel. Sir Humphrey Bowes may take the most conceits,
But whats the end, the king will haue his pleasure:

King. Good newes my boyes, Harrie the first is dead, per-
use that letter: sirra, drinke you that, giues his purse, and
stay not but poste backe againe for life, and thanke my Wo-
ther

King Edward the fourth.

ther Gloster for his newes, commend me to him, he see him
to morrow night. How like yee it sirs? Exit Messenger.

Sel. O passing well my Liege, you may be merrie for these
happie newes.

King. The merrier with our host the Tanner Tom,
My Lord take you that letter to the Ladies,
Wilde them be merrie with that second course,
And if wee see them not before wee goe,
Pray them to iourney easily after vs,
Wheele post to London, so good night my Lord. Exeunt.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come Nell, come daughter, is your hands and your
face washed?

Nell. I forsooth father.

Hobs. Yee must bee cleanly I tell yee, for there comes a
Courtiole hither to night, the kings maisterships Butler,
Ned, a spruce youth, but beware ye be not in loue nor ouer-
taken by him, for Courtiers be slipperie lads.

Nell. No forsooth father.

Hobs. Gods blessing on thee, that halfe yeeres schooling at
Lichfield, was better to thee then house and land, it has put
such manners into thee, I forsooth and no forsooth at euerie
word, yee haue a cleane smocke on, I like your apparell well,
is supper readie?

Nell. I forsooth father.

Hobs. Haue wee a good barley bagpudding, a peece of fat
Bacon, a good colw heele, a hard cheese, and a browne loafe.

Nell. All this forsooth, and moze, yee shall haue a posset,
but indeede the rattes haue spoyled your hard cheese.

Hobs. Now the diuell choake them, so they haue eate mee
a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon within. What maister maister?

Hobs. How now knaue, what saist thou Dudgeon?

Du. Heres guests come, wheres Hellene?

Hobs. What guests be they?

Du. A courtiole, one Ned the kings Butcher he sayes,

The First part of

and his friends too.

Hobs. Ned the kings butcher: ha, ha, the kings butler, take their horses, and walke them, and bidde them come neare house, Nell lay the cloath, and clappe supper oth boord.

Exit Nell.

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Was heres Ned indeede and another misproude Ruffian, Welcome Ned, I like thy bone lie, thou keepest promise. K. Ed. Faith honest Tanner, ile euer keep promise with thee, pre thee bid my friends welcome.

Hobs. By my troth ye are both welcome to Tamwoorth: friend I know not your name.

Sel. My name is Tom Twiss:

Hobs. Welceme ye that list: but ye are welcome both, and I like ye both well but for one thing.

Sel. Whats that?

Hobs. Say that I keepe to my selfe, for I sigh to see and think, that pride brings many a one to exstruction.

King. Pre thee tel vs thy meaning.

Hobs. Troth I doubt yee nere came truely by all these gay ragges. Tis not your bare wages and thinne fees yee haue of the King, can keepe ye thus fine, but either yee must robbe the king priuily, or his subjects openlie, to maintaine your probicallity.

Sellen. Thinkest thou so Tanner?

Hobs. Tis no matter what I think, come lets go to supper, What Nell, what Dudgeon, where be these folkes?

Enter Nell and Dudgeon, with a Table covered.

Daughter bid my friendes welcome.

Nell. Yee are welcome Gentlemen as I may say.

Sellen. I thanke yee faire maide. kisse her both.

King. A prettie wench by my saye.

Hobs. How likest her Ned?

King. I like her so well, I woud yee woud make more

King Edward the Fourth.

your forme in law.

Hobs. And I like thee so well Ned, that hadst thou an occupation, for seruice is no heritage, a yong courtier, an olde begger, I could find in my hart to cast her away vpon thee, and if thou wilt forsake the court and turne Tanner, or bind thy selfe to a shoemaker in Liechfield, Ile giue thee twentie nobles readie money, with my Nell, and trust thee with a Dicker of leather, to sette vp thy trade.

Sel. Ned he offers ye faire, if ye haue the grace to take it.

King. He does indeede Tom, and hereafter Ile tell him moze.

Hobs. Come sit down to supper: go to Nell, no moze sheeps eyes, ye may be caught I tell ye, these be licentious laddes.

Nel. I warrant ye father, yet intruth Ned is a very proper man, and tother may serue, but Neds a pearle in mine eye.

Hobs. Daughter, call Dudgeon & his fellowses, wee le haue a three men song, to make our guests merie. Exit Nell.

Pailes what courtnoles are pee:veele neither talke nor eate, What newes at the court: do somewhat for your meate.

King. Heaue newes there, King Henrie is dead.

Hobs. Thats light newes and merry for your maister King Edward.

King. But how will the commons take it?

Hobs. Well, God be with good King Henrie, saith the Commons will take it as a common thing, deaths an honest man, for he spares not the king: for as one comes, anothers fane away, and seldome comes the better, thats all wee say.

Sellenger. Shrewdly spoken Tanner by my say.

Hobs. Come fill me a cuppe of mother Whetstones ale, I may drinke to my friends, and drue downe my tale.

Here Ned and Tom I drinke to ye: and yet if I come to the court, I doubt youle not know mee.

King. Yes, Tom shal be my suretie Tanner, I will know thee.

Sel. If thou doost not Ned, by my troth I bestowe thee.

King. I drinke to my wife that may be.

The first part of

Sellen. Faith Ned thou maist liue to make her a Ladie.

King. Lush, her father offers nothing, hauing no more children but her.

Hobs. I would I had not, condicion thee had all. But I haue a knaue to my son, I remember him by you, euen such an vnthrift as one of you two, that spends all on gay clothes and new fashions, and no worke will downe with him, that I feare heele be hangde, God blesse you from a better fortune, yet you weare such filthie breeches, Lord, were not this a good fashion: yes, and would saue many a faire penie.

King. Let that passe, and let vs heare your song.

Hobs. Agreede, agreede, come, sol, sol, sol, sa, sa, sa, say Dudgeon.

Here they Sing the threemans Song.

Agencourt, Agencourt, know ye not Agencourt,

Where the English slew and hurt,

all the French foemen:

With our Gunnes and billes browne,

O the French were beaten downe,

Morrys pikes and bowmen, &c.

Sellenger. Well sung good fellowes, I would the King heard pee.

Hobs. So would I faith, I would straine a noate for him: Come take a way, and lets to bedde, pee shall haue cleane sheetes Ned, but they bee course, good strong hempe, of my daughters owne spinning, and I tell thee, your Chamber pot must bee a faire hohne, a badge of our occupation, for we buy no bending peanter, nor bending earth.

King. No matter Hobs, wee will not goe to bedde.

Hobs. What then?

King. Euen what thou wilt, for it is neere day.

Lamner Gramercies for our heartie cheere,

If ere it be thy chance to come to court,

Enquire for mee Ned the kings Butler,

King Edward the Fourth.

Dr Tom of the kings chamber my companion,
And see what welcome wee will giue thee there.

Hobs. I haue heard of courtiers haue sayd as much as you,
and when they haue beene tride, would not bidde their friends
drinke.

Sel. We are none such, let our horses bee brought out,
For wee must away, and so with thanks farewell.

Hobs. Farewell to ye both, commend me to the king, and
tell him I would haue beene glad to haue seene his worship
becre. exit.

King. Come Tom for London, horse, and hence away.

Enter the Vice-admirall and the Captaine of the Ile of
Wight, with Falconbridge bound, the head-
man bearing the axe before him.

Mor. Thomas Neuill, yet hast thou gracious time,
Of deere repentance, now we discharge thy conscience,
Lay open thine offences to the world,

That wee may witnesse thou doost die a Christian.

Fal. Why Sir Harrie Moorton haue you arraignde,

Condemnde, and brought me to this place,

Of bloudie execution, and now we aske,

If I be guiltie, therein doth appeare,

What iustice you haue vsed, call you this law?

Cap. Thou dost mistake our meaning Falconbridge,

Wee do not aske as being ignorant,

Of thy transgression, but as bzing thee,

To heartie sorrow for thy vile misdeedes,

That heauen may take compassion on thy soule,

Fal. How charitable you would seeme to bee?

I feare anon youle say it is for loue,

You bind me thus, and bzing me to the blocke,

And that of meere affection you are moude,

To cut my head off, cunning pollicie:

The first part of

Such butchers as your selues do neuer want,
A colour to excuse your slaughterous mindes.

Mor. **W**he butcher thee: canst thou deny thy selfe,
But thou hast beene a pyrate on the sea:
Canst thou denie but with the communalitie
Of Kent and Essex, thou didst rise in armes,
And twice assault the Cittie London, where
Thou twice didst take repulse, and since that time,
Canst thou denie, that being fled from thence,
Thou toyndest in confederacy with France, (here,
And camest with them to burne Southhampton
Are these no faults thou shouldst so much presume,
To cleere thy selfe, and lay thy bloud on vs?

Fal. Heare me Sir Harrie, since we must dispute.

Cap. Dispute vnciuil wretch, what needs dispute,
Did not the Viceadmirall heere, and I
Incountring with the Pause of the French,
Attach thee in a shippe of Normandie,
And wilt thou stand vpon thine innocence?
Dispatch, thou art as rightfully condemnde
As ever rebell was. And thou shalt die.

Fal. I make no question of it, I must die,
But let me tell you how I scorne your threates,
So little doo I reckon of the name,
Of ougly death, as were hee visible,
I lde wastle with him for the victorie,
And tugge the slaue, and teare him with my teeth,
But I would make him stoope to Falconbridge,
And for this life, this paltrie brittle life,
This blast of winde which you haue labourde so,
By iurtes, lessions, and I know not what,
To rob me off, is of so vile repute:
That to attaine that I might liue mine age,
I would not giue the value of a poynt,
You cannot be so cruell to afflict,
But I will be as forward to indure.

Mor. Go to, leaue off these idle brayes of thine:

King Edward the fourth.

And thinke vpon thy soules health Falconbridge.

Cap. Submit and aske forgiveness of thy King.

Fal. What King?

Mor. Why Edward of the house of Yorke.

Fal. He is no King of mine, he does vsurpe,
And if the destinies had giuen mee leaue,
I would haue told him so before this time,
And puld the Diademe from off his head.

Mor. Thou art a traitor, stop thy traitors mouth.

Fal. I am no traitor Lancaster is King,
If that be treason to defende his right,
What ill for them that do imprison him?
If insurrection to aduance his scepter,
What fault is theirs that step into his throne?
Oh God, thou poudest the balme vpon his head,
Can that pure unction be wipe off againe?
Thou once did crowne him in his infancie,
Shall wicked men now in his age depose him?
Oh pardon me, if I expostulate,

Hoze then becomes a sinfull man to doo,
England I feare thou wilt thy follie rue.

Cap. Thou triflest time, and dost but wearie vs
With dilatorie questions, make an ende,

Fal. Inderde the end of all kingdomes must end,
Honour and riches all must haue an end,
And he that thinks he doth the most preuaile,
His head once laide, there resteth but a tale:
Come fellow, do thy office, what me thinks,
Thou lookest as if thy heart were in thy hose,
Pull vp thy spirits, it will be quickly doone,
A blow or two at most will serue the turne.
Head. Forgiue me sir your death,

Fal. Forgiue thee: I and giue thee too,
Hold, there is some lew crownes for thee to drinke,
Tush weepe not man, giue losers leaue to plaine,
And yet faith my losse I count a gaine,
First let me see, is thy are sharpe enough,

The first part of

I am indifferent, wel a Gods name to this geare,
Head. Come & yeld your head gently to the blocke,
Fal. Gently sayst thou: thou wilt not vse mee so:
But all is one for that, what strength hast thou:
Throughtout the whole proportion of thy limbes,
Reuoke it all into thy manly armes,
And spare me not, I am a Gentleman,
A Neuill and a Falconbridge beside,
Then do thy work, thou maist get credit by it,
For if thou dost not, I must tell thee plaine,
I shall be passing angrie when tis doone.

Head. I warrant you sir, none in the land shall
do it better.

Fal. Why now thou pleasest me, England farewel,
And old Plantagenet, if thou suruiue,
Thinke on my loue, although it did not thriue.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it shall be sent with speed
To London, and the promised reward,
Allotted for the apprehending him,
Be giuen vnto the poore of Southhampton here:
How say you Captaine, are you so content?

Cap. With all my heart, but I do marvel much
We heare not of the messenger wee sent,
To giue the King intelligence of this:

M. Take truce with your surmises, here he comes.

Enter a Messenger.

Fellow it seemes that thou art slow of gate,
Or very negligent in our affayres,
What saies King Edward to our seruice done?

Mes. To answer you directly and as breefely,
I spoke not with him, for when I was come,
To Drayton Bassett, where they said hee was,
I was told me there, that euen the night before,
His highnes in al haste, was rid towards London:

The

King Edward the fourth.

The occasion, Henries death within the Tower,
Of which the people are in sundry tales,
Some thinking he was murdered, some againe
Supposing that he dyed a naturall death.

Mor. Well how so ere, that concernes not vs,
We haue to doe with no mans death, but his,
That for his treason here hath lost his head.
Come let vs giue direction as befoze,
And after ward make backe vnto the shoze.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Maior in his scarlet gowne, with a guilded rapier by his side.

Ma. I marie Crosbie this befittes thee well,
But some will meruaile that with a scarlet gowne,
I weare a guilded rapier by my side:
Why let them know, I was knighted in the field,
For my good seruice to my Lord the king,
And therefore I may weare it lawfully,
In Court, in Cittie, or at any royall banquet.
But soft Iohn Crosbie, thou forgettst thy selfe,
And dost not mind thy birth and parentage,
Where thou wast borne, and whence thou art de-
I do not shame to say, the Hospitall (riude,
Of London was my chiefeest fostering place,
There did I learne, that neare vnto a Crosse,
Commonly called Cow Crosse neare Illington,
An honest Cittizen did chaunce to find me,
A poore Shoemaker by trade he was,
And doubting of my Christendome or no,
Calde me according to the place he found me,
Iohn Crosby, finding me so by a Crosse.
The Maisters of the Hospitall at further yeares,
Bound me appzentise to the Grocers trade,
Wherein God please to blesse my poore endeuours
That by his blessings I am come to this.
The man that found me I haue well requited,

The First part of

And to the Hospitall my fostering place,
 An hundred pound a yeare I giue for euer,
 Likewise in memorie of me Iohn Crosby
 In Bishopsgate strēte a poore house haue I built,
 And as my name haue called it Crosbie house,
 And when as God shall take me from this life,
 In little S. Hellens will I be buried:
 All this declares, I boast not of my birth,
 But found on earth, I must returne to earth.
 But God for his pittie I forget my selfe,
 The king my soueraigne Lord will come anone,
 And nothing is as yet in readines.
 Where are ye Cousin Shoare: nay where is Mistresse Shoare?
 Oh I am sorie that shee staves so long,
 See what it is to be a widower,
 And lacke a Lady Maiorresse in such need.

Enter M. Shoare, and Mistresse Shoare.

Oh are ye come: welcome good Cousin Shoare,
 But you indeed are welcome gentle piece.
 Needes must you be our Lady Maiorresse now,
 And helpe vs, or else we are shande for euer,
 Good Cousin still thus am I bolde with you.

Sh. With al my hart my Lord, and thanke ye too,
 That you do p'ease to vse our homely helpe.

Ma. Why see how neatly shee bestirres her selfe,
 And in good sooth makes huswifery to shine:

Ah had my Lady Maiorresse liu'd to see
 Faire Mistresse Shoar thus beautifie her house,
 She would haue beene not little proud thereof.

Iane. Well my Lord Maior I thanke you for that flout,
 But let his Highnesse now come when he please,
 All thinges are in a perfect readines.

They bring foorth a Table, and serue in the Banquet.

Mayor. The more am I beholding piece to you,
 That take such paines to saue our credit now:

King Edward the Fourth.

My seruantes are so slacke, his Maiestie,
Might haue been here before we were prepaide,
But peace here comes his Highnes.

The Trumpets sound, and enters king Edward, How.
Sellinger, and the traine.

K. Now my Lord Maior, haue we not kept our word?
Because we could not stay to dine with you:
At our departure hence, we promised,
First food we tasted at our backe returne,
Should be with you, still yeelding hearty thanks,
To you and all our London Cittizens,
For the great seruice which you did performe
Against that bold sacrilegious rebel Falconbridge.

M. My gracious Lord what then we did,
We did account no more then was our duty,
Thereto obliged by true Subiectes zeale,
And may he neuer liue that not defendes,
The honoz of his king and Countrie:
Next thank I God, it likes your Maiestie,
To blesse my pooze roose with your royal presence,
To me could come no greater happines.

K. Thankes good Lord Maior, but wheres my
Lady Maioreesse, I hope that shee will bid vs wel-
come too:

M. Shee would my Ledge, and with no little ioy,
Had shee but liu'd to see this blessed day,
But in her stead this Gentlewoman here,
My Cosins wife, that office will supply:
How say you Mistresse Shoare?

K. How: mistresse Shoare: what not his wife
That did refuse his knighthood at our hand?

Ma. The very same my Lord and here hee is.

K. What M. Shoare, we are your debter still,
But by Gods grace intend not so to die:
And Gentlewoman, now before your face,

The first part of

I must condemne him of discourtesie,
Pea, and of great wrong that he hath offered you,
For you had beene a Lady but for him,
He was in fault, trust me he was to blame,
To hinder vertue of her due by right.

Iane, My gracious L. my pooe & humble thoughts,
Here had an eye to such unworthines,
And though some hold it as a shame,
That womens mindes by nature doe aspire,
Yet how both God and M. Shoare I thanke
For my continuance in this humble state,
And likewise how I loue your Maestie:
For gracious sufferance that it may be so,
Heauen beare true record of my inward soule,
Now it remaines, on my Lord Maiors behalfe,
I doe such duty as becommeth me,
To bid your Highnes welcome to his house,
Where welcomes vertue powerfull in my word,
The king of England should not doubt thereof.

Ki. For do I Mistresse Shoare, now my L. Maior
Edward dare boldly sweare that he is welcome,
You spake the word well, very well ysaith,
But Mistresse Shoare her tongue hath guilded it,
Tell me Cosin Howard and Tom Sellinger,
Had euer Citizen so faire a wife?

How. Of flesh and blond I neuer did behold,
A woman euery way so absolute.

Sel. For I my Liedge, were Sellinger a king,
He could afforde Shoares wife to be a Queene.

K. Why how now Tom? say rather how now Ned?
What change is this: proud, saucie roaring eye,
What whisperst in my braine, that thee is faire?
I know it, I see it, sayzer then my Queene:
Wilt thou maintaine it, what and thou traitor hart,
Wouldst thou shake hands in this conspracie?
Downe rebell, bakke base trecherous conceite,

I will

King Edward the Fourth.

I will not credite thee, my Bess is faire,
And Shoares wife but a blouze, comparde to her,
Come let vs sit, here will I take my place.
And my Lord Maior, fill me a bowle of wine,
That I may drinke to your elected Maiorresse,
And M. Shoare tell me how like you this,
My L. Maior makes your wife his L. Maiorresse?
Sho. So well my Lord as better cannot be,
All in the honoz of your Maiestie.

The Lord Maior brings a bowle of wine, and
humbly on his knees offers it to the king.

Ki. Pay drinke to vs L. Maior, wee le haue it so,
So to I say, you are our Taster now,
Drinke then, and we will pledge yee.

Ma. All health and happines to my Soueraign.
he drinckes

K. Fill full our cup, and Lady Maiorresse,
This full carowse we meane to drinke to you,
And you must pledge vs, but yet no more,
Then you shall please to answer vs withall.
He drinckes, & the Trumpets sound, then wine
is brought to her, and shee offers to drinke.

Pay you must drinke to some body, yea Tom to
Well sirra, see you doe her right: (thee?)
For Edward would, oh would to God he might.
Yet idle eye, wilt thou be gadding still?
Keepe home, keepe home, for feare of further ill.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

How now: letters to vs, from whome?
Mes. My Ledge, this from the D. of Burgundie.
And this is from the Constable of France.

K. What newes from them?

He opens the letter and reades.

To claime our right in France:
And they will aide vs, yea, will ye so?

H

But

The first part of

But other aide must aide vs ere we goe.

He seemes to reade the letters but glaunces on
Mistresse Shoare in his reading.

A womans aid that hath more powre the France
To crowne vs or to kill vs with mischance.

If hast resolve be to such beaultie tyed,

Sue ho to thou canst, thou wilt be still denied,

Her husband hath deserved well of thee,

But, loue makes no respect where ere it be,

Thou wrongst thy Queen: Every enforced ill,

Must be endur'd where beaultie seekes to kill:

Thou seemst to reade, onely to blind their eyes,

Who knowing it, thy follie would despise.

He startes from the Table.

Thanks for my cheare L. Maior, I am not well,

I know not how to take these newes. This fit I

That hath bereft me of all reason cleane. (meane,

M. God shield my Soueraigne.

K. Pay nothing I shall be well anone.

Ian. Pay it please your Highnes sit.

K. I, faine with thee, nay we must needs be gone,

Cosin Howard conney these letters to our Count

And bid them giue vs their aduise of them, (cell,

Thankes for my cheare L. Maior, farewell to you

And farewell Mistresse Shoare, La. Maiorresse I should say,

It is you haue caused our parting at this time.

Farewell M. Shoare, farewell to all,

Weele meet once more to make amends for this.

Exeunt King, How. and Sel.

M. Oh God here to be ill:

My house to cause my Soueraignes discontent:

Cosin Shoare I had rather spent.

Sho. Content your selfe my L. kinges haue their humors,

The letters did containe somewhat no doubt,

That did displease him.

Ia. So my Lord thinke I,

But

King Edward the fourth.

But by Gods helpe he will be well againe.

M. I hope so too, well Cousin for your paines,
I can but thanke ye, chiefly you faire Piece,
At night I pray ye both come sup with me,
How say ye: will yee?

Sh. Yes my Lord wee will.
So for this tyme we humbly take our leaue.

Excunt Shoare and his wife.

M. Oh how the sudden sicknesse of my Liedege,
Afflicteth my soule with many passions:
His Highnes did intend to be right merie,
And God he knowes how it would glad my soule;
If I had seene his Highnes satisfied
With the poore entertainment of his Maior,
His humble vassaile, whose lands, whose life and al
Are, and in dutie must be alwaies his.
Well, God I trust will blesse his Graces health,
And quicklie ease him of his sudden fit.
Take away there horrid this place,
And God of heauen blesse my Soueraigns Grace.

Exit

Enter twoprentizes preparing the Goldsmiths
Shop with plate.

1. Pren. Sirra Jacke, come set out.

2. Pr. You are the elder Prentise, I pray you do
it, least my Mistresse talke with you when shee
comes downe, what is it a clocke?

1. P. Sir by Allhallowes.

2. Pre. Lying and stealing will bring ye to the
Gallowes. Is here all the plate?

1. P. I that must serue to day.

Where is the weightes and ballance?

2. Pr. All readie, harken my Mistresse comes.

Exit 1. Pren.

Enter Mistresse Shoare with her worke in
her hand.

The first part of

Ia. Sir Boy, while I attend the shop my selfe,
See if the workeman haue dispatcht the Cup,
How many ounces weighes it?

2 Pr. Twenty soz sooth.

Ia. What said the Gentleman to the fashion?

2. P. He told my Maister, I was not within.

I. Goe Sir make haste, your D. is in Cheapside:
Take heed ye were best your lostring be not spide.
The boy departs, and shee sits sowing in her
shop.

Enter the king disguised.

Ki. Well fare a Case to put a king in yet,
Good Mistris Shoar this doth your loue procure,
This shape is secret, and I hope tis sure,
The Watermen that daylie vse the Court,
And see me often, knew me not in this,
At Lyon key I landed in their view,
Yet none of them tooke knowledge of the king,
If anie gallant strue to haue the wall,
He yeeld it gentlie: Soft here must I turne,
Heres Lumbarb streete, and heres the Pellican,
And theres the Phenix in the Pellicans nest,
A rare perfection of rich natures worke,
Bright twinc kling sparke of pretious Diamond,
Of greater value then all India,
Were there no Sunne, by whole kind louellie heat
The earth brings forth those stones wee holde of
Her radiant eyes delected to the ground, (prize,
Would turne each peble to a Diamond.
Gaze graedie eyes and be not satisfied,
Till you find rest, where harts desire doth bide.
I. What wold you buy Sir that you looke on here?
K. Your fairest Jewell, be it not too deare.
First how this Saphire Mistresse that you weare:
I. Sir it is right that will I warrant ye,
No Jeweller in London sholwes a better.

K. No,

King Edward the fourth.

K. Ed. No, nor the like, you praise it passing well.

Iane. Do I: no, if some Lapidarie had the Stone, more would not buy it then I can demaund, 'Tis as wel set I think as ere yee saw.

K. Ed. 'Tis set indeed vpon the fairest hand, that ere I saw.

Iane. You are disposed to iest, but for the value, his maiestie might weare it.

King Ed. Might hee ifaith?

Iane. Sir tis the ring I meane.

Ki. Ed. I meant the hand.

Iane. You are a merrie man,

I see you come to cheape, and not to buy.

King Ed. Yet hee that offers fairer then Ile doe, shal hardly find a partner in his bargaine.

Iane. Perhaps in buying things of so small value?

K. Rather because no wealth can purchase it.

Iane. Hee were too fond, that would so highly prize,
The thing which once was giuen away for loue.

K. His hap was good that came so easily by it.

Iane. The gift so small, that askte, who could denie it?

King. Oh she gaue more, that such a gift then gaue,
Then earth ere had, or world shal euer haue.

Iane. His hap is ill, should it be as you say,
That hauing giuen him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poozer by the match.

King. That easily prooues he doth not know the woorth.

Iane. Yet hauing had the vse of it so long,
It rather prooues you ouer rate the thing,
Hee being a chapman, as it seemes you are.

King. Indeede none should aduenture on the thing,
Thats to bee purchasse onely by a king.

Iane. If kings loue that, which no man else respects,
It may be so, else do I see small reason,
A king should take delight in such course stiffe.

King. Lines there a king, that would not giue his crowne,
To purchase such a kingdom of content?

The First part of

Iane. In my conceit, right well you aske that question.
The world I thinke containes not such sond king.

King. Why mistress Shoare, I am the man will do it.

Iane. Its proudeite spoke, although I not beleue it.

Where he King Edward that should offer it.

King. But shall I haue it?

Iane. Vppon what acquaintance?

King. Why since I saw thee last.

Iane. Where was that?

King. At the Lord Maiors, in the presence of the King.

Iane. I haue forgotten that I sawe you there,
For there were many that I tooke small note of.

King. Of me you did, and we had some discourse.

Iane. You are deceiued Sir, I had then no time,
For my attendance on his maiestie.

King. Ile gage my hand vnto your hand of that,
Looke well vppon me.

He discovers himselfe.

Iane. Now I beseech you let this strange disguise,
Excuse my boldnesse to your maiestie. (she kneeles

What euer we possesse is al your highnesse,

Onely mine honour, which I cannot graunt,

K. Onely thy lone (bright angell) Edward craves,
For which I thus aduentured to see thee.

Enter maister Shoare.

Iane. But here comes one, to whom I onely gaue it,
And he I doubt wil say you shall not haue it.

King. Am I so soone cut off: oh spight.

How say ye mistress, will ye take my offer?

Iane. Indeede I cannot sit afford it so.

King. Would not be offered fairlier I beleue.

Iane. Indeede you offer like a Gentleman.

But

King Edward the Fourth.

But yet the Jewell will not so bee left.

Sho. Sir, if you bid not too much under foot.
He drue the bargaine twixt you and my wife.

K1. Alas good Shoare, my self dare answere no. King aside.
Nothing can make thee such a Jewell forgoe.
Shee saith you shall be too much looser by it.

Sho. See in the rowe then, if you can speede better.

K1. See many worlds arow, affoordes not like.

As he goes forth, Shoare lookes earnestly, and
perceiues it is the King, whereat he see-
meth greatly discontented.

I. Why lookst thou Ma: knowst thou the gentlemā:
Alas what ailes thee that thou lookst so pale?

What cheere sweet heart: alas, where hast thou beene?

Sho. Nay nothing I ne, know you the Gentleman?

Iane. Not I sweete heart, alas why do you aske?

Is he thine encmie?

Shore. I cannot tell,

What came hee here to cheape at our shoppe?

Iane. This Jewell loue,

Sho. Well I pray God he came for nothing else.

Iane. Why who is it: I do suspect him Shoare.

That you demaund thus doubtfully of me.

Sho. Ah Iane, it is the King.

Iane. The king: what then: is it for that thou sighst?

Were he a thousand kings thou hast no cause

To feare his presence, or suspect my loue.

Sho. I knowe I haue not, see hee comes againe.

The king enters againe, muffled in
his cloke,

King. Still is my hinderer there: be patient heart,
Some fitter season must allwage the smart,
What will ye take that mistrille whic I offered ye?

The first part of

I come againe sir, as one willing to buy,
Iane. Andeede I cannot sir, I pray ye
Deale with my husband, heare what hee will say.
Sho. He sell it worth your money, if you please,
I pray ye come neere sir.

King. I am too neere already, thou so neere.
Pay, nay, she knowes what I did offer her,
And in good sadnesse, I can giue no more,
So fare ye well sir, I will not deale with you.

Exit.

Iane. You are deceiue (sweet hart) tis not the king,
Thinke you hee would aduenture thus alone?

Sho. I do assure thee Iane it is the king.

Oh God, twist the extreames of loue and feare,
In what a shivering ague sits my soule?

Keepe wee our treasure secret, yet so sond,

As set so rich a beautie as this is,

In the wide view of euerie gazers eye.

Oh traitor beautie, Oh deceitfull good,

What dost conspire against thy selfe and loue,

No sooner got; but wilt againe of others,

In thine owne selfe, iniurious to thy selfe,

Oh rich poore portion, thou good euill thing?

How many loyfull woes still dost thou bring,

Ia. I pray thee come, sweete loue, and sit by mee,

No King thats vnder heauē I loue like thee. exit.

Enter sir Humphrey Bowes, and master Aston, being two
Iustices, Harrie Grudgen, Robert Goodfellow, and
John Hobs the Tanner.

Bowes. Neighbours & friends, the cause that you are called,
Concerns the Kings most excellent maiestie,
Whose right you know by his progenitors,
Vnto the Crowne and soueraignty of France,
Is wrongfullie detained by the French,
Which to reuenge and royallie regaine.

His

King Edward the Fourth.

His Highnes meanes to put himselfe in Armes,
And in his princely person to conduct
His warlike troupes against the enemye.
But for his Coffers are unfurnished,
Through ciuill discord and intestine warre,
(Whose bleeding scarres our eyes may yet behold)
He prayes his faithfull louing subiectes helpe,
To further this his lust great enterprize.

Hob. So the fecke and meaning, whereby as it
were of all your long purgation Sir Humphrey
is no more in some respect, but the king wants mo-
ney, & would haue some of his Comentie.

Bo. Tanner you rightly vnderstand the matter.

Alt. Note this withall, where his dread Maiesty,
(Our lawfull soueraigne, and most royall king)
Might haue exacted or imposde a Tare,
Or borrowed greater summes then we can spare,
(For all we haue is at his dread commande,)
He doth not so, but mildly doth entreat
Our kind beneuolence, what we will giue,
With willing minds towards this mighty charge.

Enter Lord Howard.

Which to receiue, his noble Counsellor
And kinsman the Lord Howard here is come.
H. Now good Sir Humphrey Bowes & M. Aston,
Haue yee declared the kings most gracious pleasure:

Bowes. We haue my Lord.

How. His Highnes will not force.
As loane or tribute, but will take your gift,
In gratefull part and recompence your loue.
B. To shew my loue, though money now be scarce,
A hundred pound he giue his Maiestie.

Ho. It is well Sir Humphrey.

Aston. I a hundred Markes.

Ho. Thanks M. Aston, you both shew your loue,
Now aske your neighbours what they will bestow:

The first part of

Bow. Come M. Hadland your beneuolence.

Had. O good Sir Humphrey do not racke my purse,
You know my state I latelie sold my land.

Aston. Then you haue money, let the king haue part.

Hob. I, do M. Hadland do, they say you sold a foule deale
of durty land for faire gold and siluer, let the king haue some
now while you haue it, for if yee bee forborne a while, all
will be spent, for he that cannot keepe land that lyes fast, will
haue much a do to hold money, its slipperie ware, tis melting
ware, tis melting ware.

How. Gramercy Tanner.

Bowes. Say, what shall we haue?

Hadland. My forty shillings.

Aston. Robert Goodfellow.

I know you will be liberall to the king.

Good. O M. Aston be content I pray ye,
You know my charge, my household very great,
And my housekeeping holdes me very bare:
Threescore byrdsing, and do lone lying Sir,
Spendes no small store of vittalles in a yeare,
Two brace of Greyhounds. xx. couple of houndes,
And then my Iades deuoure a deale of Corne,
My Christmas cost and then my friends that come
Amounts to charge, I am Robin Goodfellow,
That welcomes all and keepe a frolicke house,
I haue no money pray ye pardon me.

How. Heeres a plaine Tanner can teach ye how to thieve
keepe fewer dogs, and then ye may feede men:

Yet feede no idle men, tis needles charge,
You that on Hounds & hunting mates will spend,
No doubt but something to your king you send.

Good. My brace of Angels, by my troth thats all.

Hob. Haste and tis well thy Curres haue left so much;
I thought they would haue eaten by thy houle and land ere
this.

Bowes. Now Harrie Grudgen,

Grudgen

King Edward the fourth.

Grudgen. What would you haue of mee? Money I haue none, and he sell no stocke, heres old polling, subsidy, fiftene soldiers, and to the poore, and ye may haue your will, youle soone shut me out a doze.

Hobs. Heare ye worshippes, will ye let me answere my neighbour Grudgen? By my hallydome Harry Grudgen, tha'rt but a grumbling, grudgeing Churle, thou hast two ploughes going, and neare a Cradle rocking, tha'lt a pecke of money, go to, turne thee loose, thou'lt goe to law with the Vicar for a tyth gosse, and wilt not spare the king foure or fife pound.

Grudgen. Oep goodman Tanner, are yee so round: your pollicatenes has brought your sonne to the Gallowes almost, you can be franke of an other mans cost.

Hob. That no honest man to twit me with my sonne, hee may out liue thee yet for ought that hee has done, my sonnes ith gayle, is hee the first has beene there, and thou wert a man, as that a beast, I would haue thee by the ears.
Weeping.

Now. Friend thou wantst nurture, to vpbraid a Father
With a sonnes fault, we sit not here for this;
Whats thy beneuolence towarde his maiesty?

Hobs. His beneglignce: hang him heele not giue
a penny willingly.

Gr. I care not much to cast away forty pence.

Ho. Out grudging peasant, base il nurturd groome,
Is this the loue thou bearest vnto the king?

Gentlemen take notice of the same,
And if he fault let him be soundly plagude:

Now frolicke Tanner, what wilt thou affoorde?

Hob. Twenty old Aungels and a score of hydes, if that be
too little, take twentie Nobles more, while I haue it my king
shall spend of my store.

How. The king shall know thy louing liberall hart.

Hob. Shall hee pfaith, I thanke ye hartely, but heare yee
Gentleman you come from the Court?

The first part of

How. I doe.

Hob. Lord how does the king, and how does Ned the kings Butler, and Tom of his Chamber, I am sure ye know them?

How. They doe very well.

Hob. For want of better guesse they were at my house one night.

How. I know they were.

Hob. They promise me a good turne for kissing my daughter Nell, and now I ha cagion to trie them, my sonnes in Wybell here in Caperdochie, it ha Gayle for peeping into another mans purse, and outstep the king bee miserable, hees like to totter, can that same Ned the Butler doe any thing with the king?

How. Noe then my selfe, or any other Lord.

Hobs. A halter he can, by my troth yee reiounce my heart to heare it.

How. Come to the Court I warrant thy sonnes life, Ned will saue that, and do thee greater good.

Hob. Ile wean Brocke my mares sole, and come vp to the king, and it shall go hard but two fat henness for your paines I will bring.

Bowes. My Lord this fellow gladly now will giue, five poundes so you will pardon his rude speech.

How. For five and five I cannot brooke the beast.

Grud. What giues the Tanner, I am as wel able as he?

Alton. He giues ten pound.

Grud. Take twentie then of me.

I pray yee my Lord forgive my rough beand speech
I wis I ment no hurt vnto my Kiedge.

Bowes. Let vs entreate your Lordships patience.

How. I do at your request remit the offence,
So lets depart, heeres all wee haue to doe.

Alf. It's for this tunc and place my Lord, sirra bring your money.

Hobs. What haue ye saide now Goodman Grudgen, by
your

King Edward the fourth.

your hinching and your pinching, not the worth of a blacke pudding.

Enter mistress Shoare, and mistress Blage.

M. Bla. Now mistress Shoare, what urgent cause is that, which made ye send for me in such great haste? I promise ye it made me halfe afraide; you were not wel.

Iane. Trust me, noz sicke, noz well, but troubled still with the disease I told yee: heere is another letter from the king, was neuer pooze soule so importuned.

M. Blage. But will no answer serue?

Iane. No mistresse Blage, no answer will suffice, he, he it is, that with a violent sledge labours to breake into my plighted faith, Oh what am I, he should so much forget his Royall State, and his High Maiestie? Still doth he come disguised to my house, And in most humble termes bewrayes his loue, My husband greetes, alas how can he choose, Fearing the dispossession of his Iane? And when he cannot come (for him) he writes, Offering beside incomparable gifts, And all to winne me to his princely will. (cane)

M. Bla. Beleue me M. Shoare, a dangerous And euerie way repleate with doubtfull feare, If you should yeld, your vertuous name were soyle, And your beloued husband made a foyn, And if not yeld, its likely that his loue, Which now admires ye, will conuert to hate, And who knowes not a princes hate is death? Yet I will not be the shall counsaile yee, Good mistress Shoare do what ye will for me.

Iane. Then counsaile me what I were best to doe.

M. B. You know his greatnesse can dispense with ill, Making the sinne seeme lesser by his worth, And you your selfe, your children and your friendes, Be all aduanced to woorthy dignitie,

The First part of

And this worlds pompe you know is a goodly thing.
Yet I will not be shee shall counsaile ye,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye will for mee.

Iane. Alas I know that I was bound by oath,
To keepe the promise that I made at first,
And vertue liues, when pompe consumes to dust.

M. Blage. So we do say, dishonour is no shame,
When flaunder does not touch th' offenders name,
You shall be folded in a princes armes,
Whose becke disperleth euen the greatest harmes,
Many that sit themselves in high degree,
Will then be glad to stoope, and bende the knee,
And who ist, hauing plentie in the hand,
Pouer commaunded, but doth still command,
That cannot worke in such excesse of things,
To quit the guilt, one small transgression brings:
Yet I wil not be shee shal counsaile ye,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye wil for mee.

Iane. Here do I liue, although in meane estate,
Yet with a conscience free from al debate,
Where higher footing may in time procure,
A sudden fall, and mire my sweete with solwe.

Mi. Blage. True, I confesse a priuately life is good,
For would I otherwise be vnderstood,
To be a Goldsmiths wife is some content,
But daies in court more pleasantly are spent,
A households gouernment deserues renowne,
But what is a companion to a crowne?
The name of mistresse is a prettie thing,
But Madam at each word doth glorie bring
Yet I wil not be shee shall counsell yee,
Good mistris Shoare do what ye will for mee.

Ia. Oh that I knew which were the best of twaine,
Which for I do not, I am sicke with paine.

Enter her Boy,

How now Sir boy, what is the newes with you?

Boy

King Edward the Fourth.

Boy. The Gentleman forsooth the other day,
That would haue bought the Jewell at our stall,
Is here to speake with yee.

Iane. Oh God it is the king.
Good mistris Blague withdraw ye from this place,
He come anon, so soone as hee is gone,
And sirra get you to the shoppe againe. Exit Boy.

M. Bla. Now mistris Shoare bestinke ye what to
Such suters come not euerie day to wooe. (Do,

Mistris Blague departs, and the King enters
in his former disguise.

K. Thou maist conuict me (beauties pride) of boldnesse,
That I intrude like an vnbidden guest,
But loue being guide, my fault will seeme the lesse.

Iane. Most welcome to your subiects homely roose,
The foote, my Soueraigne, seldome doth offend,
Unlesse the heart some other hurt intende.

King. The most thou seest is hurt vnto my selfe,
How for thy sake, is maiestie disroabde:
Riches made poore, and dignitie brought lowe,
Onelie that thou mightst our affection knowe.

Iane. The more the pittie, that within the skie,
The sunne that should all other vapours drie,
And guide the world with his most glorious light,
Is muffled vp himselfe in wilfull night.

K. The want of thee, faire Cinthia is the cause,
Spread thou thy silver brightnesse in the aire,
And strait the gladsome morning will appeare.

Iane. I may not wander, hee that guides my carre,
Is an immooued constant, fixed starre,

King. But I wil giue that starre a comets name,
And shield both thee and him from further blame.

Iane. How if the host of heauen at this abuse
Repine: who can the prodigie excuse?

King. It lies within the compasse of my powre,

The first part of

To dim their enuious eyes, dare seeme to looke,
But leauing this our Enigmatike talke,
Thou must sweete Iane repaire vnto the court,
His tongue intreates, controules the greatest peere,
His hand plights lone, a royal scepter holdes,
And in his heart hee hath confirme the good,
Which may not, must not, shal not be withstood.

Iane. If you enforce me, I haue nought to say,
But wish I had not liued to see this day.

K. Blame not the time, thou shalt haue cause to ioy.
Iane in the euening I wil send for thee,
And thou and thine shall bee aduancde by mee.
In signe whereof receiue this true lone kisse,
Nothing ill meant, there can bee no amisse. Exit.

Iane. Well I wil in, and ere the time begime,
Learne how to be repentant for my sinne. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, maister Shoare, and
Fraunces Emersley.

Maior. But Cousin Shoare, are yee assurde it was
the King you sawe in such disguise?

Sho. Do I know you the vncle to my wife: know I
Franke Emersley her brother here: so surely doo I
know that counterfeist to bee King.

Frances. Well, admitte al this. And that his Maie-
tie in such disguise, please to surney the manners of our
Cittie, or what occasion else may like himselfe. Wee
thinks you haue small reason brother Shoare, to be
displeasde thereat.

Mai. Oh I haue found him nowe.
Because my niece his wife is beautifull,
And well reputed for her vertuous partes:
He in his fond conceit misdoubtes the King,
Doth doate on her in his affection.

King Edward the Fourth.

I know not Colin how thee may be change,
By any cause in you procuring it:
From the faire carriage of her wonted course:
But well I wot, I haue oft heard you say,
Shée merited no scruple of mislike.
If now some gyddy fancie in your braine,
Make you conceiue sinisterly of her,
And with a person of such difference.
I tell you Colin, moze for her respect,
Then to sooth you in such a sottishnes,
I would reueale yee open to the world,
And let your follie lusty plague your selfe.

Sh. Unckle you are too forward in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddennes,
Your pieces reputation haue I prizde,
And shyned as deuoutely in my soule
As you, or any that it can concerne.
For when I tell you that it is the king,
Comes mysted like a common Seruingman,
Doe I inferre thereby my wife is false:
O: swerues one fot from wonted modestie.
Though in my shop thee sit, moze to respect,
Her seruantes dutie, then for any skill,
Shée doth, or can pretend in what we trade,
Is it not strange, that euer when hee comes,
It is to her, and will not deale with me:
Ah Unckle Franke, nay, would all her kin,
Were here to censure of my cause aright:
Though I misdeeme not her, yet giue me leaue,
To doubt what his site walking may entend.
And let me tell yee, he that is posselt,
Of such a beantie, feares vndermining giestes:
Especiallie a mightie one, like him,
Whose greatnes may guilde ouer vglie sinne.
But say his comming is not to my wife,
Then hath he some sle aiming at my life,

The first part of

By false compounded mettalles, or light gold,
Or else some other trifle to be solde,
When kinges themselues so narrowly do prye
Into the world, men feare, and why not I:

Franc. Belieue me brother in this doubtfull case
I know not wel how I should answer yee,
I wonder in this serious busie time,
Of this great gathered beneuolence,
For his regaining of his right in France,
The day and nightly turmoile of his Lordes,
Dea of the whole estate in generall,
He can be spared from these great affaires,
And wander here disguised in this sort.
But is not this your boy:

Enter the Boy.

Sho. Yes marie is it: how now, what newes
with thee?

Boy. Maister, my Mistresse by a Nobleman,
Is sent for to the king in a close Coach,
Shes gon with him, these are the newes I bring.

Ma. How? my Piece sent for to the king?
By a Nobleman, and he is gone with him?
Nay, then I like it not:

Frank. How, gone latestt thou?

S. Be patient Uncle, stozme not gentle Frank:
The wrong is mine, by whome: a king,
To talke of such it is no common thing,
She is gone thou latestt:

Boy. Yes truly Sir, tis so.

Sh. I cannot helpe it, a Gods name let her goe,
You cannot helpe it Uncle, no, no: you,
Where kinges are medlers, meaner men must rue
I stozme against it: no, farewell Iane Shoare,
Once thou wast mine, but must be so no more.

Maio. Gone to the Court:

Exit Maio.

Sho.

King Edward the fourth.

Shoar. Yet vnkle will ye rage?
Let mine example pour high heate asswage.
To note offences in a mightie man
It is enough, amend it he that can,
Franke Emersley, my wife thy sister was,
Lands, goods and all I haue to thee I passe,
Sate that poore portion must along with me,
To beare me from this badge of obloquie,
It neuer shall be said that Mathew Shoare,
A kinges dishonour in his bonnet woze.

Fran. Good Brother.

Sh. Striue not to change me, for I am resolute,
And will not tarrie. England fare thou well,
And Edward, for requiting me so well,
But dare I speake of him: for beare, for beare.
Come Franke I will surrender all to thee,
And then abzoade, where ere my fortunes be.

Exeunt.

Enter king Edward, Howard, Sellinger, &c.

K. And haue our Countrie subjects been so franke
And bountifull in their beneuolence:

Toward our present expedition:

Thankes Cousin Howard for thy paines herein:

We will haue letters sent to euery Shire
Of thankesful gratitude, that they may know,
How highly we respect their gentlenes.

How. One thing my L. I had well neer forgot,
Your pleasant host the Tanner of Tamworth.

Kin. What of him Cousin:

Ho. Hee was right liberall,
Twenty old Angels did he send your Grace,
And others seeing him so bountifull,
Stretcht farther then other wise they had done.

K. Trust me I must requite that honest Tanner.
Oh had he kept his word, and come to Court,

The first part of

Then in good sadnesse we had had good sport.
How, That is not long my L. which comes at last
Hees come to London, on an earnest cause,
His sonne lies prisoner in Stafford Tayle,
And is condemned for a robberie,
For our Highnes pardoning his sonnes offence,
May yeeld the Tanner no meane recompence.
K. But who hath seen him since he came to towne?
Sel. My Lord in Holbozne it was my hap to see him
Gazing about, I sent away my men,
And clapping on one of their liuerie cloakes,
Came to him, and the Tanner knew me strait,
How dost thou Tom: and how doth Ned quoth he
That honest merie Hangman, how doth he:
I knowing that your Maestie intended
This day in person to come to the Tower,
There had him meete me, where Ned and I,
Would bring him to the presence of the King,
And there procure a pardon for his sonne.
K. Have then a care we be not seene of him,
Untill we be provided for the purpose,
Because once more weele haue a little sport,
Tom Sellinger, let that care be yours.
Sel. I warrant yee my Lord let me alone.

Enter the Lord Maior.

K. Welcome L. Maior, what haue you signified,
Our thankfulness vnto our Citizens,
For their late gathered benenolence?

Ma. Before the Cittizens in our Guildhall,
Maister Recorder made a good oration,
Of thankfull gratitude vnto them all,
Which they receiued with so kind respect,
And issue vnto your roiall maiestie,
As it appearede to vs they sorrowed,

Their

King Edward the fourth.

Their bountie to your Highnes was no more,
King. Lord Maior, thanks to your selfe and them,
And goe ye with vs now into the Towre,
To see the order that wee shall obserue,
In this so needfull preparation,
The better may you signifie to them,
What neede there was of their beneuolence.
Mai. Ile waite vpon your gracious maiestie,
Yet there is one thing that much grieueth me. aside.

Exeunt.

• Enter Shoare, and two watermen bearing his trunks.
Sho. Go honest fellow, beare my trunks aboard,
And tell the maister ile come presently.

Enter mistris Shoare Lady-like attired, with diuers
supplications in her hand, she vnpinning her mask,
and attended on by many suitors.

i Wa. We wil sir, but what Lady haue we here?
Belike she is of no meane countenance,
That hath so many suitors waiting on her.

Sho. Go one of you I pray ye, enquire her name.

i. Wa. My honest friend, what Ladie cal ye this?

Aire. Her name is mistris Shoare, the kings be-
A special friend to suitors at the court. (loued

S. Her name is mistris Shore the kings beloued,
Where shall I hide my head, or stoppe mine eares,
But like an owle I shall be wondred at?

When she with me was wont to walk the streets,
The people then as she did passe along,

Would say, there goes faire modest mistris Shore,
When she attended like a Cittie Dame,

Was praised of Patrons, So that Cittizens,
When they would speak of ought vnto their wines

Fetcht their example still from mistris Shoare,
But now she goes deckt in her courtly robes,

The First part of

This is not shee, that once in seemely blacke,
Was the chaste sober wife of Mathew Shoare,
For now shee is King Edwards Concubine,
Oh great ill title, honourable shame,
Her good I had, but king her ill is thine,
Once Shoares true wife, now Edwards concubine.
Amongst the rest Ile note her new behaviour.

All this while shee standes conferring priuately with her
sutors, and looking on their billes.

Aier. Good mistresse Shoare remember my sonnes life.

Iane. What is thy name?

Aire. My name is Thomas Aire.

Iane. There is his pardon signed by the King.

Aire. In signe of humble heartie thankfulness,
Take this in Angels twentie pound.

Iane. What thinke ye, that I buy and sell for bybes,
His highnesse fauour, or his subiects bloud?
No, without gifts God grant I may do good,
For al my good cannot redeeme my ill,
Yet to do good I will endeavour still.

Sho. Yet all this good doth but guild ore thy ill. aside.

Palmer. Mistris the restitution of my landes.

Taken perforce by his highnesse officers.

Iane. The King is content your goods shall bee restorde,
But the officers will hardly yeeld thereto,
Yet bee content, Ile see ye haue no wrong.

Sho. Thou canst not say to mee so, I haue wrong.

Iockie. Mistresse gude saith gin peeple help me til my laund,
whilk the faulse loune Billie Grime of Glendale hands wra-
fully free me: Ile white your gudenes with a bonnie rag, sal
swum away so deffly as the winde.

Iane. Your sute my friend, requires a longer time;
Yet since you dwell so farre off, to ease your charge,
Your diet with my seruants you may take,

And

King Edward the Fourth.

And some releefe Ile get thee of the king.

Shoare. Its cold releefe thou getst mee from the king.

Iockie. Now Gods blessing light on that gudely faire face, ife be your true headsmann mistresse, I indeed, sall I.

Pal. God blesse the care you haue of dooing good.

Aire. Pittie she should miscarrie in her life,
That beares so sweete a mind in dooing good.

Shoare. So say I too, ah lane this killes my heart,
That thou recks others, and not rust my smart.

Rufford. Distresse I feare you haue forgot my sute?

Iane. Oh, tis for a licence to transport Cozne from this land, and lead to foraigne Realmes, I had your bill, but I haue tozne your bill, and twere no shame I thinke, to teare your eares, that care not howe you wound the common wealth. The poore must startie for foode to fill your purse, And the enemye bandie bullets of our lead. No Maister Rufford, Ile not speake for you, except it be to haue you punished.

Iockie. By the messe a deff lasse, Chzist benison light on her.

She espies her husband walking aloofe off, and
not knowing him, takes him for another
Sutor.

Iane. Is that another sutor? I haue no bill of his,
Go one of you, and knowe what hee would haue.

Sho. Yes lane, the bill of my obliged faith,
And I had thine, but thou hast canceled it.

Here she knowes him, and lamenting,
comes to him.

Iane. Oh God it is my husband, kind Mathew Shoare.

Shoare. Ah lane, whats he dare say he is thy husband?
Thou wast a wife, but now thou art not so,

The first part of

Thou wast a maide, a maide when thou wast wife,
Thou wast a wife, euen when thou wast a maide,
So good, so modest, and so chaste thou wast,
But now thou art diuorced, whiles yet hee liues,
What was thy husband, while thou wast his wife.
Thy wisehood staine, by thy dishonoured life,
For now thou art not widow, maide, nor wife.

Iane. I must confesse I yeelded by the Foyle,
Wherein lay all the riches of thy toyle,
But yet sweete Shoare, before I yeelded it,
I did endure the longest and greatest siege,
That euer battred on poore chastitie,
And but to him that did assault the same,
For euer it had beene inuincible,
But I will yeeld it backe againe to thee.
He cannot blame me, though it bee so done,
To loose by me, what first by me was wonne.

Sho. No Iane, there is no place allowde for mee,
Where once a King hath tane possession,
Mean men brook not a Riual in their loue,
Much lesse so High vnriualde Maestie,
A concubine to one so great as Edward,
Is farre too great to bee the wife of Shoare.

Iane. I will refuse the pleasures of the Court,
Let me go with thee Shoare, though not as a wife,
Yet as thy slaue, since I haue lost that name,
I will redeeme the wrong that I haue done thee,
With my true seruice, if thou wilt accept it.

Sho. Thou go with mee Iane, oh God forbid,
That I should be a traitour to my King,
Shal I become a fellow to his pleasures,
And lie alway as guiltie of the theft?
No my deere Iane, I say it may not bee,
Oh what haue subiects that is not their kings,
He not examine his prerogative.

Iane.

King Edward the fourth.

Ia. Why then sweet Mat, let me intreat thee stay,
What ist with Edward that I cannot doe?
He make thee wealthier then ere Richard was,
That entertaine the three greatst kinges in Europe,
And feasted them in London on a daie
Aske what thou wilt, were it a million,
That may content thee, thou shalt haue it Shoare.

Sho. Indeepe this were some comfort to a man,
That tasted want or woollie miserie,
But I haue lost what wealth cannot returne,
At woollie losses are but toys to mine,
Oh, al my wealth, the losse of thee was moze,
Then ever time or fortune can restore.
Therefore sweete lane farewel, once thou wast mine,
Too rich for me, and that King Edward knewe,
Adieu, Oh woold, he shall deceiued bee,
That puts his trust in women or in thee.

Ia. Ah Shoar farewel, poore heart in death He tell,
I neuer loude thee Shoare, farewel, farewell. **Exit.**

Enter King Edward, Lord Maior, Howard,
Sellenger, and the traine.

King. Having awakte forth of their sleepe deemes,
Our dronie Cannons, which ere long shall charme
The watchful French, with deaths eternal sleepe,
And al things else in readinesse for Fraunce,
A while we wil giue truce vnto our care,
There is a merrie Tannier neere at hand,
With whom we meane to be a little merrie.
Therefore Lord Maior, and you my other friends,
I must intreate you not to knowlege me,
No man stand bare, all as companions,
Giue me a Cloake, that I may be disguisde,
Tom Sellenger, go thou and take another,

The first part of

So Tanner, now come when yee please, we are prouided.
And in good time, see hee is come alreadye.

Enter the Tanner.

Tom Sellenger, goe thou and meete him.

Sel. What Iohn Hobs: welcome ifaith to Court.

Hobs. Gramercies honest Tom: where is the hangman
Ned: where is that mad rascal, that I not see him?

Sel. See where he stands, that same is he.

Hobs. What Ned: a plague found thee, how dost thou for
a villaine: how dost thou madde rogue, and how, and holme?

King. In health Iohn Hobs, and verie glad to see thee,
But say, what winde blew thee to London?

Hobs. Ah Ned, I was brought hither with a whirlwinde
man, my sonne, my sonne, did I not tell thee I had a knaue to
my sonne?

King. Yes Tanner, what of him?

Hobs. Faith heere in Capendoche Ned, in Stafford Gaole,
for a robberie, and is like to be hangde, except thou gette the
King to be more miserable to him.

King. If that bee all Tanner, Ile warrant him,
I will procure his pardon of the King.

Hobs. Will thou Ned: for those good words, see what my
Daughter Nell hath sent thee, a handkercher wrought with
as good Couentrie silke blaine thread, as euer thou sawest.

King. And I perhaps may beare it for her sake,
In better presence then thou art aware off.

Hobs. How Ned, a better present: that canst thou not haue
for silke, cloath, and workmanshippe; why Nell made it man.
But Ned: is not the King in this companie, whats he in the
long beard and the redde petticoate: before God I misdoubte
Ned that is the King, I knowe it by my Lord what pe rals
players.

King. Howe by them Tanner:

Hobs.

of King Edward the Fourth.

Hobs. Euer when they play an Enterloute or a Commondittie at Tawntworth, the King alwaies is in a long beard, & a red gowne like him, therefore I spekt him to be the king.

King. Do trust me Tanner, this is not the King, but thou shalt see the King befoze thou goest, and haue a pardon for thy sonne too with thee.

This man is the Lord Maior, Lord Maior of London, heere was the Recorder too, but hee is gone.

Hobs. What Picnames these courtioles haue? Maie and Cordeur quotha: we haue no such at Litchfield, there is the honest Bayliffe and his brethren, such words gree best with vs.

King. My Lord Maior, I pray ye for my sake, to bidde this honest Tanner welcome.

Maior. You are welcome my honest friend,
In signe whereof I pray you see my house,
And suppe with mee this night.

Hobs. I thanke ye good goodman Maior, but I care not for no meate, my stomacke is like to a sicke swine, that will neither eate nor drinke, till hee know what shall become of her pigge. Ned and Tom, you promise me a good turne when I came to Court, either doo it now, or go hang your selues.

King. No sooner comes the King, but I will doo it.

Sel. I warrant thee Tanner, feare not thy sonnes life.

Hobs. Nay, I feare not his life, I feare his death.

Enter Maister of Saint Katherines, and
Widdow Norton.

Maister. All health and happinesse to my soueraigne:

King. The Maister of Saint Katherines hath made all.

Hobs. Out alas that euer I was bozne.

The Tanner falles in a swoond, they labour to re-
uiue him, meane while the King puts on
his royall robes.

King. Looke to the Tanner there, he takes no harme,

The first part of

I would not haue him (for my crowne) miscarrie,
Wid. Let me come to him by my kings good leaue
Heres ginger honest man, bite it.

Hobs. Bite ginger, bite ginger, bite a dogs date,
I am but a dead man, ah my Leige, that you should
deale so with a pooze well meaning man, but it
makes no matter, I can but die.

King. But when Tanner canst thou tell:

Hobs. Pay euen when you please, for I haue so defended
ye, by calling ye plaine Ned, mad rogue and tascall, that I
know youle haue me hangde. Therefore make no more a
doe, but send me downe to Stafford, and there a Gods name
hang me with my son. And heres another as honest as your
selfe, you made me call him plain Tom, I warrant his name
is Thomas, and some man of worshype too, therefore lets fo
it, euen when and where ye will.

King. Tanner attende, not onely doo we pardon thee,
But in all princely kindnesse welcome thee,
And thy sonnes trespassse doe we pardon too,
Doe goe and see that forthwith it bee done,
Under our seale of England, as it ought,
And fortie poundes wee glue thee to defray
Thy charges in thy coming hither to London.
Now Tanner, what sayst thou to vs?

Hobs. Harrie you speake like an honest man, if
you meane as you say.

King. Wee meane it Tanner, on our royall
word.

Now maister of S. Kathelines, what would you?

M. My gracious Lord, the great beneuolence,
(Though small to that your subjects could affoord,
Of poore Saint Kathelines do I bring your grace,)
Fifte hundred poundes here haue they sent by me.
For the easier portage, all in Angell gold,
What this good widow Distresse Norton will,

King Edward the Fourth.

Shee comes her selfe, and brings her gift with her.

Wid. Hardon me gracious Lord, presumption,
For ouerwearing in my owne conceite,
Makes me thus bold to come before your Grace,
But loue and duty to your maiestie:

And great desire to see my Lord the king,
Our Maister here spake of beneuolence,
And said my twenty Nobles was inough,
I thought not so, but at your Highnes feet.

A widdowes mite, a token of her zeale,
In humble dutie giues you twentie pound.

K. Now by my Crowne, a gallant lusty Oyle,
Of all the exhibition yet bestowed,
This womans liberality likes me best.

Is thy name Porton?

Wid. I my gracious Ledge.

K. How long hast thou bene a Widdow?

Wid. It is my Lord,
Since I did burie V Vilkin my Goodman,
At Shrouetide next euen iust a dozen yeares.

K. In all which space, couldest thou not find a man,
On whome thou mightst bestow thy selfe againe?

Wid. Not any like my Wilkin whose dear loue,
I know is matchlesse, in respect of whome,
I thinke not any worthy of a kisse.

K. No widdow: that ile trie, how like you this?

He kisseth her.

Wid. Bestrew my hart, it was a hornie kisse,
Able to make an aged woman young:
And for the same most sweet and louely prince,
See what the widdow giues you from her store,
Forty olde Angels but for one kisse more.

K. Marie Widdow and thou shalt haue it,
John Hobs thou art a widdower,

The first part of

Lackst thou such a wife:

Hobs. Snalles, twencie pound for a kisse: had thee as
in my twenty pound bags as I haue knobs of barke in my
Tanfat, thee might kisse them away in a quarter of a yeare.
He no Saint Katherines widowes, if kisses be so deere.

Widdow. Clubs and clouted shooes, theres none ena-
mourde here.

King. Lord Patoz, wee thanke you and entreat withall,
To recommend vs to our Cittizens:
We must for France, we bid you all farewell,
Come Tanner thou shalt with vs to Court,
To morrow you shall dine with my Lord Patoz,
And afterward set howelward when ye please:
God and our right that onely fightes with vs:
Adieu, pray that our toyle proue prosperous.

Exeunt

FINIS.





THE
SECOND PART
of King Edward the Fourth. Con-
tayning his iourney into France, for obtayning of
his right there : The trecherous falshood of the
Duke of Burgundie, and the Constable of France
vsed against him, and his returne home again.
Likewise the prosecution of the historie
of M. Shoare and his faire wife : Concluding
with the lamentable death of them
both.

Enter king Edward, Howard, Sellinger, and Soldiers
marching.

Edward

In this the aide our Cosin Burgundie,
And the great Constable of France assured vs :
Haue we marched thus far through the hart of France?
And with the terror of our English Drums:
Roude the pooz trembling French, which leane their towne
That now the Wokies affrighted from the fieldes,
Do get their pray, and kennell in their streetes:
Our thundring Canons, now this fortnight space,
Like common Bell-men in some market towne:
Haue cryed the Constable and Burgundie,
But yet I see they come not to our aide,
Woele bring them in, or by the blessed light,
Woele search the Ground-silles of their Cittie walles,

The Second part of

Since you haue brought me hether: I will make,
The proudest Tower that stands in France to quake,
I maruaile Scales retuernes not, for by him
I doe respect to heare their resolutions.

Enter the Lord Scales.

How. My Soueraigne he is happelic returnde.

Ed. Welcome my Lord, welcome good Cosin Scales,
What newes from Burgundie, what is his answer?
What comes he to our succour as he promised?

Scales. Not by his goodwil, for ought that I can see
He lingers still in his long siege at Aulse.

I brgd his promise and your expectation,
Euen to the force and compas of my spirite,
I cheerd my firme perswasions, with your hopes,
And gylded them with my best Oratorie,
I framde my speech still fitly as I found
The temper of his humoꝝ, to be wrought vpon,
But stil I found him earthy, vnresolute,
Muddy, and me thought euer through his eyes,
I saw his waivering and vnsetled spirite,
And to be short, subtile and trecherous,
And one that doth entend no good to you,
And he will come, and yet he wanteth power,
He would sayne come, but may not leane the siege,
He hopes he shall, but yet he knowes not when,
He purposed, but some impedimentes,
Haue hindred his determined intent,
Briefly, I thinke he will not come at all.

Ed. But is he like to take the towne of Aulse.

Sca. My Lord the towne is liker to take him,
That if he chance to come to you at all,
Tis but for succour.

Ed. But what sayes Count Saint Paule?

Scales. My Lord he lies, and reuelles at S. Quintens,
And laughes at Edwardes comming into France,
There Dominering with his drunken crew,

Spake

King Edward the Fourth.

Make Jigges of vs, and in their slaueing Vestes,
Tell how like Rogues we lie here in the field,
Then comes a slaue one of those drunken sottes,
In with a Tauerne reckoning for a supplication,
Disguised with a cushion on his head,
A Dwalvers Apron for a Heraldes Coate,
And tels the Count, the king of England craves
One of his worthy honours Dog-kennels,
To be his lodging for a day or two.
With some such other Tauerne soleserie:
With that this filthy rascall greasse rout,
Blast out in laughter at this worthy jest,
Peighing like hoxses: thus the Count Saint Paul
Regards his promise to your Maiestie.

Ed. Will no man thrust the slaue into a Sackbut:

Sel. Now by this light were I but neer the slaue
With a blacke Jacke I would beat out his braines.

Ho. If it please your Highnes but to say the word,
Weele plucke him out of Quintens by the eares.

Ed. No cosin Howard, weele reserve our valour,
For better purpose, since they both refuse vs,
Our selues will be vnrivalde in our honoꝝ.

Now our first call my Lord is at maine France,

Whilst yet our Army is in health and strong,

And haue we once but broke vnto that warre,

I wi I not leaue S. Paule, nor Burgundy,

Not a bare Bigscoate to shroud them in.

Heraulde.

He. My Soueraigne.

Ed. Goe Herauld, and to Lewes the French king,

Denounce sterne warre, and tell him I am come,

To take possession of my realme of France.

Defie him boldly from vs, be thy voice

As fierce as thunder, to affright his soule:

Herauld be gone I say, and be thy breath,

Percing as lightning, and thy words as death

The Second part of

Her, I goe my Liedge resolute to your hie will. Exit
Ed. Sound Drum I say, set forward with our power,
And France ere long expect a dreadfull hower;
I will not take the English Standard downe,
Till thou empale my Temples with thy Crowne.

Enter Lewes the French king, Burbon, and S. Pier, with
the Heralde of England.

K. Lewes. Heralde of England, we are pleased to heare,
What message thou hast brought vs from thy king,
Prepare thy self, and be aduise in speech.

English. Heralde Right gracious and most chrystian
king of France,

I come not to thy presence vnppearede
To doe the message of my Royall Liedge.

Edward the Fourth, of England and of France,

The lawfull king, and Lord of Ireland,

Whose puissant magnanimous breast incense,

Through manifest notorious iniuries,

Offred by thee king Lewes and thy French,

Against his title to the Crowne of France,

And right in all these Dukedomes following,

Aquitane, Arniow, Guyen, Anguilefine,

Breathes forth by me the Organe of his speech,

Hostile defiance to thy realme and thee:

And trampling now vpon the face of France,

With barbed horse, and valiant armed foote:

Himselfe the Leader of those martiall troupes,

Bids thee to battell, where and when thou darst,

Except thou make such restitution

And yearely tribute on good hostages,

As may content his iust conceiued wrath,

And to this message answer I expect.

Lew. Right peremptorie is this embassage,
And were my royall Brother of England please,

To

of King Edward the Fourth.

To entertaine those kind affections,
Wherewith we do embrace his amitie:
Needles were all these thunder-threatning words,
Let heauen (where all our thoughts are registred)
Beare record, with what deepe desire of peace,
We shall subscribe to such conditions,
As equity for England shall propound,
If Edward haue sustained wrong in France,
Lewes was neuer authoꝝ of that wrong,
Yet faultles we wil make due recompence,
We are assurde that his maiestike thoughtes
In his mild spirite did neuer meane these warres,
Till Charles Burgundie once our fawning friend,
But now our open foe, and Count S. Paule,
Our Subject once and Constable of France,
But now a traitoꝝ to our Realme and vs,
Were Motiues to incite him vnto Armes,
Which hauing done will leaue him on my life.
Herr. The king my maister reckes not Burgundy
And scoꝝnes S. Paule that trecherous Constable,
His puissance is sufficient in it selfe,
To conquere France like his Progenitoꝝs.

K. L. We shall not need to wasse by foꝝce of war;
Where peace shal yeeld him moze then he can win
We couet peace, and we will purchase it
At any rate that reason can demaunde,
And it is better England ioyne in league,
With vs his strong, old, open ennemie,
Then with those weake & new dissembling frends,
We doe secure vs from our open foes,
But trust in frendes (though faithles) we repose,
My Lord S. Piere and Cosin Burbon speake
What censure you of Burgundy, and S. Paul,
S. Pi. Dꝛead L. it is well known that Burgundy,
Made shew of tender seruice to your Maiesty,
Till by the engine of his flatteries,

The Second part of

He made a breach into your Highnes loue,
Wherentred once and thereof full possess,
He so abuse that royall excellence,
By getting smiting into many towne,
Castles and fortres belonging to your Crowne
That now he holds them gainst your Realm & you
B. And Count S. Paule the Constable of France
Ambitious in that high authority,
Usurpes the lands and Signiories of those,
That are true Subiectes, noble Peeres of France,
Your boundles fauours did him first suborne,
And now to be your Liegeman hee thinks scoone.

Lew. By this coniecture, the vnsteady course,
Thy royall maister undertakes in France,
And Herald intimate what seruent zeale,
We haue to league with Edward and his English,
Three hundred Crownes we giue thee for reward,
And of rich Crimson belueth thirty pearces,
In hope thou wilt vnto thy Soueraigne tell,
We shew thee not one discontented looke,
Nor render him one misbeholden word:
But his defiance and his dare to warre,
We swallow with the supple oyle of peace,
Which gentle Herald if thou canst procure
A thousand Crownes shall iustly guerdon thee.

Her. So please it your most sacred Maiesty,
To send vnto my gracious Soueraigne,
Equall conditions for the bonds of peace,
And restitution of his iniuries,
His temper is not of obdurate malice,
But sweete relenting princely Clemency,
Performe your promise of a thousand crownes,
And second me with some fitte messenger,
And I will undertake to worke your peace.

Le. By the true honor of a Christian king,
Effect our Peace and thou shalt haue our Crowns.
And.

King Edward the fourth.

And we will poste a Herald after thee,
That shall confirme thy speech, and our designes,
Go Mugeroune, see to this Herald giuen
The velvet, and three hundred crownes for posse,
Farewell good friend, remember our request,
And kindly recommend vs to King Edward.

Exeunt English herald and Mugeroune.

How thinke you Lords is not moze requisite
To make our peace, then war with Englands powre.

Burb. Yes gracious Lord, the wounds are bleeding
That Talbot, Bedford, and King Henry made, (yet
Which peace must cure, or France shall languish still.

S. Pierre. Besides my liege by these intestine sores,
The Constable and trecherous Burgundie.
The States in danger if the English stirre.

Enter Mugeroune.

K. Lew. 'Tis perillous, and full of doubt my Lords,
We must haue peace with England euerie way,
Who shall be Herald in these high affaires.

Bur. No better man then Monsieur Mugeroune.
Whose wit is sharpe, whose Eloquence is sound,
His presence gracious, and his courage good,
A gentleman, a scholler, and a souldiour,
A compleate man for such an Embassage,
Art thou content to bee employde Mugeroune,
In this Negotiacion to King Edward?

Mug. If your most sacred Maiestie commaund,
Your humble vassall Mugeroune shall go.

K. Lew. Gramercies Mugeroune, but thou must
A Heraults habit, and his office both, (assume,
To pleade our loue, and to procure vs peace,
With English Edward, for the good of France.

Mug. I know the matter and the forme my Lord,
Giue me my Heraults coate, and I am gone.

K. Lew. Thou art a man composde for businesse,
Attend on vs for thy instructions.

The Second part of

And other fit supplies for these assayes,
And for thy diligence expect reward.

Exeunt.

Enter seuerall waies Burgundie and the Constable
of Fraunce.

Con. Whether away so fast goes Burgundie?

Bur. Nay rather whether goes the Constable?

Con. Why to King Edward (man) is he not come?
Meeanst thou not like wife to go visit him?

Bur. Oh excellent, I know that in thy soule,
Thou knowst that I do purpose nothing lesse,
Nay I do know, for all thy outward shewe,
Thou hast no meaning once to looke on him.
Whether dissembler, leaue this colouring,
With him that meanes as fallshly as thy selfe.

Co. I, but thou knowst that Edward on our letters,
And hoping our assistance when hee came,
Did make this purposde voyage into Fraunce,
And with his forces is hee here arride,
Trusting that wee will keepe our word with him.
Now, though we meane it not yet set a face,
Upon the matter, as though wee intended,
To keepe our word with him effectually.

Bur. And for my better countenance in this case,
My lingring siege at Nuse will serue the turne,
There will I spend the time to disappoynt,
King Edwards hope of my conioyning with him.

Con. And I will keepe me still here in S. Quintins,
Pretending mightie matters for his aide,
But not performing any on my word,
The rather Burgundie, because I aime,
At matters which perhaps may cost your head,
If all hit right to expectation,
In the meane space like a good craftie knaue,
That hugs the man, he wisheth hangde in hart

{ All
this
aside
Keepe

King Edward the Fourth.

Keepe I faire weather still with Burgundie,
Till matters fall out for my purpose fit.
Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.
Bur. Ici sont mon secrets, beau temps pour moy.
Are ye so craftie Constable:proceede,proceede,
You quicke sharpe sighted man, imagine me,
Blinde, wittlese, and a sillie Idiot,
That pries not into all your pollicies,
Who I: no, God doth knowe my simple witte.
Can neuer sound a iudgement of such reach,
As is our cunning Constable of France:
Perswade thy selfe so still, and when time serues,
And that thou art in most extremitie,
Pæding my helpe, then take thou heede of mee,
In meane while Sir, you are the onely man
That hath my heart, hath: I, and great reason too,
Thus it befits men of deepe reach to doo.
Well Constable, youle backe againe to Nuse,
And not aide English Edward:

Con. What else man:

And keepe thee in Saint Quintins, so shall we
Smile at king Edwards weake capacitie. Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, with Burgundie, Howard,
Sellenger, and Scales.

Kin. Ed. Tell not me Burgundie, tis I am wrongd,
And you haue dealt like a disloyall knight,

B. Edward of England, these are unkingly words,

Kin. He that wil do (my Lord) what he should not.

Must and shall heare of me what hee would not,
I say againe you haue deluded mee.

Bur. Am I not come according to my woord,
K. No Charles of Burgundie, thy word was given,
To meete with me in Aprill, now tis August,
The place appoynted Calice, not Lorraine,
And thy approach, to be with martiall troupes,
But thou art come, not hauing in thy traine,

The second part of

So much as Page or Lackie to attend thee,
As who should say thy presence were munition,
And strength enough to answer our expect:
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done,
And all by dalliance with vncertaine hope.

B. My forces lay before the Cittie Pise,
From which I could not rise, but with dishonour,
Unlesse vpon some composition had.

King. Ed. There was no such exception in your
Why smiles Lord Scales? (letters

Scales. My man reports my Lord,
The composition that the Duke there made,
Was meere compulsion: for the Cittizens,
Draue him from thence perforce,

King Ed. I thought so much:
We should not yet haue seene your excellence,
But that your heeles were better then your hands

B. Lord Scales, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

K. E. Letting that passe, it shall be seene my Lord,
That we are able of our selfe to claime.

Our right in France, without or your assistance,
Or any others, but the helpe of heauen.

Bur. I make no question of it, yet the Constable
Prest with no such occasion as I was,
Might haue excusde vs both if hee had please.

K. Ed. Accuse him not, your cities as we came,
Were euen as much to bee condemn'd as his,
They gaue vs leaue to lye within the field,
And scarcely would afford vs meate for money.
This was small friendship in respect of that,
You had ingagde your honour to performe,
But march we forward as wee were determined:
This is S. Quintins, where you say my Lorde,
The Constable is readie to receiue vs,

Bu. So much he signified to me by letter,

K. Ed. Well wee shall see his entertainment, forward,

King Edward the fourth.

As they march vpon the Stage, the Lord Scales is stricke
downe, and two souldiours slaine outright, with
great shot from the towne.

Flie to our maine battaile, bid them stand,
Theres treason plotted : speake to me L. Scales,
Or if there be no powre of life remaining,
To vtter thy hearts grienauunce, make a signe,
Two of our common souldiours slaine beside,
This is hard welcome, but it was not you,
At whom the fatal enginer did apine,
My breast the leuell was, though you the marke,
In which conspiracie answere me Duke,
Is not thy soule as guiltie as the Carles?
Bur. Perish my soule, King Edward if I knew,
Of any such intention, yet I did, and grieve that it hath
sped no other wise.

King. Ed. Howard and Sellenger?

Burgundie steales away.

What is there hope of life in none of them?

How. The souldiours are both slaine outright my
But the Lord Scales a little is reconered (Lord,

K. Ed. Conuay his bodie to our pavillion,
And let our surgeons vse all diligence
They can deuise for safegard of his life,
Whilst wee with all extremitie of warre,
Go plague S. Quintins, Howard fetch on our powers,
We will not stirre a foote, till we haue the wne,
Iust vengeance on the Constable of France,
Oh God, to wooe vs first to passe the sea,
And at our coming thus to halt with vs,
I thinke the like thereof was neuer seene,
But wheres the Duke?

Sel. Gone as it seemes my Lord.

Stept secretly away, as one that knewe
His conscience would accuse him if he staide,

The Second part of

K.E. A paire of most dissembling hypocrites,
Is he and this base Earle, on whom I vow,
Leauing King Lewis vnpreiudicde in peace,
To spend the whole measure of my kindled rage,
Their streetes shall sweate with their effused blood,
And this bright Sunne be darkned with the smoke,
Of smouldring cinders, when their Citty lies
Buried in ashes of reuengefull fire,
On whose pale superficies in the speede
Of parchment, with my lance ile draw these lines,
Edward of England left this memorie,
In iust reuenge of hatefull trecherie.

Enter Howard againe.

Lord Howard haue ye done as I cammanded:

How. Our battailes are disposed, and on the browe
Of euerie inferiour seruiter my Lord,
You might beholde destruction figured,
Greatly thrusting to beginne the fight,
But when no longer they might be restrainde,
And that the drumme and trumpet both beganne
To sound warres cheerefull harmonie: behold,
A flagge of truce vpon the walles was hangd,
And forth the gates did issue meekely part,
Three men, wherof the Constable is one,
The other two the Gunner and his mate,
By whose grosse oversight (as they report,)
This sodaine chance vniwittingly besel,

K.Ed. Bring forth the Constable: the other two,
See them safe guarded, till you know our pleasure,

Enter the Constable and Howard.

Now my Lord Howard, how ist with Scales?

How. Wel my dread soueraigne, now his wound is
And by the opinion of the surgeons, (drest,
Its thought he shall not perish by this hurt,

K. Ed. I am the gladder, but vnfaithful Earle,
I do not see how yet I can dispense

With

King Edward the Fourth.

With thy submission, this was not the welcome,
Your letters sent to England, promise mee.

Con. Right high and mightie Prince condemne me not,
That am as innocent in this offence,
As any souldiour in the English armie,
The fault was in our gunners ignorance,
Who taking you for Lewes King of France,
That likewise is within the Cittieskerme,
Made that unluckie shotte to beate him backe,
And not of malice to your maiestie, (selfe,
To knowledge which, I brought them with my
And thirtie thousand crownes within this purse,
Sent by the Burgers to redeeme your lacke.

K. Ed. Constable of France we wil not sel a drop
Of English blood, for all the gold in France:
But in so much two of our men are slaine, (thée,
To quit their deaths, those two that came with
Shall both be cramde into a Cannons mouth,
And so be shot into the towne againe:
It is not like but that they knew our cullours,
And of set purpose did this villanie,
For can I be perswaded thorowly,
But that our person was the mark they aimed at:
Yet are wee well content to hold you excusde,
Marie our souldiours must bee satisfied,
And therefore first shall be distributed,
These crownes amongst them, then you shall returne,
And of your best provision send to vs:
Thirtie waine loades, beside twelue tunne of wine:
This if the Burgers will subscribe vnto,
Their peace is made, otherwise I will proclaime,
Free libertie for all to take the spoyle.

Con. Your highnes shall be answerd presentlie,
And I will see these articles perfozmed.
K. E. Yet one thing more, I wil that you my Lord,
Together with the Duke of Burgundie,

The second part of

Do ere to morrow noone bring all your force,
And ioyne with ours, or else we doe recant,
And these conditions shall be frustrate,

C. Mine are at hand my Lord, and I will write,
The Duke may like wise be in readinesse,

K. E. Let him haue safe conduct thzough our armie,
And gainst the morning euerie leader see,
His troupes be furnisht, for no longer time,
God willing shall the tryall be deferred,

Twirt Lewes and vs. What echoing sound is this?

Sel. A Gentleman from the King of France my
Craves parlance with your excellence, (Lord,

Ki. Ed. A gentleman, bring him in.

What newes a Gods name from our brother Lewis.

Enter Mugeroune.

Mu. Most puissant and most honourable King,
My royall maister, Lewis the king of Fraunce,
Doth greet your highnes with unfained loue,
Wishing your health, prosperitie, and rule,
And thus he saies by me. When was it seene,
That euer Lewis pretended hurt to England,
Either by close conspiratozs sent ouer,
To vndermine your state, or openlie,
By taking armes, with purpose to inuade,
Pay when was it, that Lewis was euer heard,
So much as to detract from Edwards name,
But still hath doone him all his due of speech,
By blazing to the world his high deserts,
Of wisdom, valour, and his heroyicke birth:
Whence is it then that Edward is incensed,
To render hate for loue, for amitie sterne war?
Not of himselfe wee know: but by the meanes
Of some infectious counsell, that like murther,
Would soyle the pure temper of his noble mind,
It is the Duke, and that pernicious rebell,
Earle of S. Paul, haue set abroach these warres,

Who

King Edward the Fourth.

Who of themselves, vnable to proceede,
Would make your grace the instrument of wrong,
And when you haue done what you can for them,
You shall be sure of nothing but of this,
Still to be doubled and dissembled with,
But if it might seeme gracious in your eye,
To cast of these despisde confederates,
Unfit companions for so great a prince,
And toyn in league with Lewes my royal maister,
Him shall you finde as willing as of power,
To doe your Grace all offices of loue:
And what commoditie may spring thereby,
To both the Realms, your Grace is wise inough,
Without my rude suggestions to imagine,
Besides, much bloudshed for this present time,
Will be prevented when two such personages,
Shal meete together to shake hands in peace,
And not with shooke of Launce and Curtelare,
That Lewes is willing, I am his substitute,
And he himselte in person if you please,
Not farre from hence will signifie as much.

K.E. Sir, withdraue and giue vs leaue a while,
To take aduise of our Councelloys,
What say ye Lordes vnto this proffered truce?

Ho. In my conceite let not be slipt my Lord.

Sel. Wilt not be dishonored hauing landed
So great an army in these partes of France,
And not to fight before we doe returne?

Ho. How can it when the enemy submittes,
And of himselte makes tender of allegiance?

Sel. That is the question whether he will yeeld,
And doe king Edward fealtie or no.

Ed. What talk ye Lords: he shal subscribe to that,
Or no conditions ile accept at all.

Ho. Let him be bound my Lord to pay your Grace,
Toward your expences, since your comming ouer

The Second part of

Seauenty five thousand Crownes of the Summe,
And yearely after fiftie thousand more,
During your life, with homage therewithall
That he doth hold his royaltie from you,
And take his offer, it will not be amisse.

Ed. It shall be so, draw you the articles,
And Sellinger call forth the Messenger,
Bring with thee too a cup of Massie gold,
And bid the bearer of our priuie purse,
Enclose therein a hundred English Ryals,
Friend we do accept thy maisters League,
With no lesse firme affection then he craves,
If he will meete vs here betwixt our tents,
It shall on both sides be confirme by oath,
On this condition that he will subscribe,
To certaine Articles shall be propoſe,
And so thou hast thy answer, to requite
Thy paines herein, we giue to thee this cup.

Her. Health & encrease of honoz wait on Edward.

Ed. Lord Howard bring y Frenchmā on his way.

Ed. King Lewes is one that neuer was precise,
But now L. Howard and Tom Sellinger,
There is a taske remaines for you to doe,
And that is this, you two shall be disguisde,
And one of you repaire to Burgondy,
The other to the Constable of France,
Where you shall learne in secret if you can,
If they intend to meete vs here to morrow,
Or how they take this our accoꝝd with France,
Somewhat it giues me you wll bring from thence
Woꝝthy the noting, will you undertake it?
Sel. With all my hart my L. I am for Burgondy
How. And I am for the Constable of France.

Exeunt.

Ed. Make spæde againe, what newes?
Mel. The king of France my L. attended royally,

King Edward the Fourth.

Is marching hetherward to meete your Grace,

Ed. He shall be welcome, hast thou drawn the articles ?

Mess. Yes my dread Soueraigne.

Ed. Goe, call forth our traine,

We may receiue him with like Maiestie.

Enter certaine Noblemen and Soldiers with a Drum,
they march about the Stage, then enter king Lewes,
and his traine, and meete with k. Edward, the kinges
embrace.

K. Lewes. My princely brother, we are grieved much,
To thinke you haue bene at so great a charge,
And toyld your royall selfe so farre from home,
Upon the vnconstant promise of those men,
That both dissemble with your Grace and me.

K. Edw. Brother of France you might condemne vs
Not onely of great wrong and toyle sustaind, (rightly,
But of exceeding folly, if incited,
We had presume to enter these Dominions,
Upon no other reason then the word,
And weake assistance of the Carle S. Paule,
Or Burgondies perswasion: tis our right,
That winges the body of composed warre,
And though we listned to their flatteries,
Yet so we shapte the course of our affaires,
As of our selfe we might be able found,
Without the trusting to a broken staffe,.

Lew. I know your Maiesty had more discretion
But this is not the occasion of our meeting,
If you be pleasd to entertaine a peace,
My kingly Brother in the sight of these,
And of the all-discovering eye of heauen,
Let vs embrace, for as my life I sweare,
I tender England and your happines.

K. Ed. The like do I by you & warlicke France
But princely Brother ere this knot be knit,

The Second part of

There are some few conditions to be signe,
That done I am as ready as your selfe.

K. Lew. Faire brother let vs heare them what they be.

King Ed. Herald repeate the Articles.

Her. First it is couenanted that Lewes king of France,
according to the custome of his predecessors, shall doe homage
to king Edward, king of England, as his Soueraigne and
true heire to all the Dominions of France.

Bur. How as his Soueraigne that were to depose
And quite bereaue him of his Diademe,
Will kingly Lewes stope to such bassalage?

Ki. Edward Burbon and if he will not let him chose.

K. Le. Brother haue patience, Burbon seale your lips,
And interrupt not these high consequentes.
Forward Herrauld, what is else demanded?

Her. Secondly it is couenanted that Lewes K. of France,
shall pay vnto Edward king of England immediately vpon
the agreement betwixt their Maiesties, seauentie five thou-
sand Crownes of the sunne, toward the charge K. Edward
hath beene at since his arrivall in these partes of France.

Bur. Mort dieu, heele neither leaue him Crowne nor coyne.

K. Lewes. Burbon I say be silent, Herrauld reade on.

Herald. Thirdly and lastly, it is couenanted, that ouer and
beside those seauentie five thousand crownes of the sunne,
now presentlie to be payde, Lewes king of France shall year-
ly hereafter, during the life of Edward king of England, pay
fifty thousand crownes more without fraude or guile, to be
tendred at his Maiesties Castle, commonly called the Tower
of London.

Bur. Pay bind him that hee bring his Lordship a couple of
capons too euery yeare beside.

Here is a peace indeed farre worse then warre.

K. Ed. Brother of France are you resolute to doe,
According as you heare the Couenantes drawne.

K. Lew. Brother of England, mount your royall thzoane,
For Subiectes weale, and glory of my God,

And

King Edward the fourth.

And to deale iustly with the world beside,
Knowing your title to be lineall,
From the great Edward of that name the third,
Your Medicessoz, thus I do resigne,
Giuing my Crowne and scepter to your hand,
As an obedient Liegeman to your Grace.
K. E. The same doe I deliuer backe againe,
With as large interest as you had before.
Now for the other covenantes.

K. Lewes. Whose my Lord,
Shall likewise be perfozmde with expedition,
And euer after, as you haue prescribed,
The yearely pension shalbe truely paid.

Herr. Swear on this booke king Lewes so help you God,
You meane no other wise then you haue said.

K. Lew. So helpe me God as I dissemble not.

K. Ed. And so helpe he me as I intend to keepe,
Unsained league and truce with noble France;
And kingly Brother now to consummate,
This happie day feast in our royall tent,
English and French are one, so it is meant.

Exeunt.

Enter at one dore, Burgundie chafing, with him Sellinger
disguised like a Soldier, at an other the Constable of
France, with him Howard in the like disguise.

Bur. A peace concluded, I tellst thou: ist not so?

Sel. My Lord I doe assure you it is so.

Con. And thou affirmst the like: say, dost thou not?

How. I doe my Lord, and that for certainty.

Bur. I haue found it now, the villaine Constable
Hath secretly with Edward thus compact,
To toyne our king and him in amitie,
And thereby doubtlesse got into his hands,
Such lands and Dukedomes as I aymed at,

The Second part of

And leaues me disappointed in my hope,
A plague vpon such craftie colening,
Now shall I be a marke for them to aime at,
And that vile haue to triumph in my foile.

}

afide.

Con. 'Tis so, for it can be no other wise,
Burgundie hath beene priuie to this plot,
Conspirde with Lewes and the English king,
To saue his owne stake, and assure him selfe,
Of all those Signeuries I hoped for,
And thereupon this close peace is contriue,
Now must the Constable be as a butte,
For all their bullets to be leuel'd at,
Hell and hot vengeance light on Burgundie,
For this his subtil secret villanie.

Bur. Well fellow for thy paines take that,
Leaue me alone, for I am much displeasde.

to Sel.

Con. And get thee gone my friend, theres for thy paines,
So leaue me to my selfe.

to Howard.

Sel. Fare ye well Sir, I hope I haue pepper'd yee.

How. And so I thinke haue I my Constable.

Exeunt Sellin. and How.

Bur. Now Constable, this peace, this peace,
What thinke yee of it man?

Con. Nay rather what thinkes Burgundie?

Bur. I thinke that he that did contriue the same,
Was little lesse then a dissembling villaine.

Con. Dog bite thy selfe: come on, come on,
Haue not you plaide John for the king,
To saue your selfe Sir?

Bur. I art thou good at that?

Adieu Sir, I may chance to hit you yet.

Exit.

Con. Nay may Sir: I perhappes may be before ye,
And for this cunning through the nose to bore ye.

Exeunt.

Enter King Edward, King Lewes, Howel, Sir Iunger, and
their traine.

King Edward the Fourth.

K. Ed. So Sellinger, we then perceive by this
The Duke is passing angrie at our league?

Sel. I, my dread Lord beyond comparison,
Like a mad dog snatchng at every one
That passeth by: shall I but shew you how,
And act the manner of his tragicke suite?

K. No stay a while, nor thought I heard thee say,
They meant to greet vs by their messengers.

Sel. They did my Lord.

K. Ed. What and the Constable too?

How. My soueraigne yes.

King. But how toke he the newes?

How. Faith euen as discontented as might be,
But being a more deepe melancholiffe,
And sullenner of temper then the Duke,
He chawes his mallice, fumes & frothes at mouth,
Uttering but little more then what we gather
By his disturbed lookes and riueld front,
Sawing that now and then his boyling passion,
Damnd by as in a furnace, finding vent
Breakes through his seuerd lips into short puffes,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothlesse Donke when hees at mattens.

King. Oh it was sport alone to note their cariage.
Se. Sport my Lord? wil you but heare me speake,
And if I do not wearie you with laughter,
Pere trust Tom Sellinger more vpon his word.

Sound a Trumper.

King. I pray thee peace, by this it should appeare
One of their messengers is come, go see,
Upon my life we shall haue some deuille,
Of new dissimulation: how now Tom?

Sel. Tis as your highnesse did suppose my Lord,
Here is a messenger from Burgondie.

King. Excellent good, admit him presently,
And brother of France, let me intreate your grace

The second part of

To stand aside a little in my tent,
Least finding vs together, he restraime,
To tell the message he is sent about,
So sure I am perswaded we shall find
Some notable peece of knauerie set a foote.

K. Lew. With all my hart, bidge him speake loud enough;
That I my Lord may vnderstand him too. *exit.*

Enter the Lord of Conte.

K. E. d. Feare not, I haue the method in my mind:
What is it you my Lord of Conte: welcome,
How doth the valiant Duke, in health I hope:

Co. In health (my Lord) of body, though in mind
Somewhat distemperd; that your Grace hath ioint
In league with his professed enemy.

K. Ed. How say you that my Lord: pray you speake out;
For I of late by reason of a cold,
Am somewhat thicke of hearing.

Con. Thus my Lord,
Your Grace demanded if the Duke were well,
I answered you, he is in health of bodie,
Though inwardly in mind somewhat perplext,
That you without his knowledge haue tane truce
With childish Lewes that hartles king of France.

K. E. With whom I pray ye: a little lower Sir.

C. With childish Lewes that hartles k. of France.

K. Ed. I now do vnderstand you, is it that
He takes vnkindly: why if he had come
With his expected forces as he promist,
I had bene still vncapable of peace,
But he deceyving me, the fault was his.

Con. No my good Lord, the fault was not in him;
But in that lewd pernicious counterfaite,
That craftie Fore the Constable of France,
Who counceled him to keepe him at his siege,
Saying it would be moze dishonorable
To rise from thence, then any way profitable;

Lo:

King Edward the Fourth,

To méete your Maiestie, beside my Lord,
It hath bin proued since, how much the Constable,
Hates your proceedings, by that willfull shotte,
Was made against you from S. Quintins wals,
Which though he seemd to colour with faire speech,
The truth is, they did leuell at your selfe,
And griued when they heard you were not slaine.

Ki.E. May I be bold to credit your report?

Colt. The Duke vpon his honour bad me say,
That it was true, and therewithall quoth he,
Tell noble Edward if he will recant,
And fall from Lewis againe, knowing it is,
More for his dignitie to be sole king,
And conquer France as did his auncestors,
Then take a fee, and so be satisfied,
That I am readie with twelue thousand souldiers
All well appoynted, and not onely will,
Deliuier him the Constable of France,
That hee may punish him as he sees good,
But seate him in the throne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe, (words,

K.Ed. Speak that againe, I heard not your last
Cont. But seate you in the throne imperiall,
Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

Ki. I thanke his honour for his good regard,
Pleaseeth you stay till wee haue pausde vpon it,
And you shall haue our answer to the Duke,
Tom Sellinger receiue him to your tent,
And let him taste a cuppe of Dyleance wine,
Now my Kingly brother, haue you heard this newes?

K.Lew. So plainly my Lord that I scarce held my selfe,
From stepping forth, hearing my royall name,
So much prophande and stubberd as it was,
But I do weigh the person like himselfe
From whence it came, a lye dissembler,
And spight my anger I was forth sometime,

The Second part of

To smile to thinke the Duke doth haue his friend,
Behinde his backe, whome to his face he smotheres.

K. E. But we shall haue farre better sport anone:

Howard tels me that another Messenger,

Is come in Post-hall from the Constable,

As you haue begonne with patience heare the rest.

K. Lc. No more adoe, Ile to my place againe,
Remember that you still be deafe my Lorde,

K. E. I warrant you, Howard, cal in the messenger,

Enter the messenger from the Constable.

Mes. Health to the victorious King of England.

Ki. E. Tell him he must straine out his voyce alowd,
For I am somewhat deafe, and cannot heare.

How. His maiestie requests you to speake out,
Because his hearing is of late decayde.

Mes. The worthie Earle S. Paul.

King Ed. Come neere mee.

Mes. The worthie Earle S. Paul greetes noble Edward,
And giues your grace to vnderstand by me,
That whereas Charles that painted sepulchre,
And most disloyall Duke of Burgundie,
Hath but vsurpt the habit of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemy,
As wel appeares in his false breach of promise,
And that whereas he neuer meant himselfe,
To send you aide, but likewise was the meanes,
To hinder my Lords well affected dutie,
Alleadging you desired his companie
But that you might betray him to his king,
Beside whereas it wil proude my Lord,
That he did hire the Gummer of S. Quintins,
For a large summe of money, to discharge
Three seuerall peeces of great Ordnance,
Upon your comming to that cursed towne,
To slay your Maiestie: in which regard
If it will please ye to reuoke from France,

And

King Edward the Fourth.

And thinke of Burgundie as hee deserues,
The Duke with expedition had me say,
That he would put the Earle into your hands,
Whereby you might reuenge his trecherous purpose,
And ayde you too with twise fise thousand men,
And seate you like a conquerour in France,

K. Ed. Can it seeme possible that two such friends,
So firmly knitte together as they were,
Should on a sodaine now be such great foes? (Duke

M. The Earle my Lord could neuer abide the
Since his last treason against your sacred person,
Before Saint Quintins came to open light.

Ki. Was that the cause of their dissention then?

Mes. It was my Lord.

King Ed. Well I will thinke vppon it
And you shall haue our answer by and by,
Cousin Howard take him aside,
But let him bee kept from the others sight.

Ho. Sir wil you walk in, my Lord wil take aduise,
And so dispatch you backe againe vnto the Earle,

K. L. Heres vpinge of villanie who shal haue al,
Fraude with deceite, deceit with fraude outface,
I would the deuill were there to crie swoope, stake,
But how intendes your Grace to deale with them?

King E. Faith in their hand, I am the Steele you see,
Against the which their enute being strooke,

The Sparkles of hypocrisie flie forth,

Twere not amisse to quench them in their blood.

Enter another messenger to the King of Fraunce
with letters.

Mes. My Lord heres letters to your Maiestie,
One from the Duke of Burgundie, the other from
the Constable,

K. L. More villanie, a thousand rebowes to nothing;

K. E. Can there be more then is already brought,

The Second part of

He thinks they haue already done so well,
As this may serue to bring them both to hel.

K. L. No, no, they are indifferently well laden,
But yet their fraughts, not full, see other ware,
Other prouision to prepare their waie,
The verie same (My Lord) which they pretend,
In loue to you against my life and crowne,
The same they undertake to doe for me
Against your safetie, vrging if I please,
That they will ioyne their forces both with mine,
And in your backe returne, to Calice, cut the throats
Of you and all your souldiours.

K. E. Oh damnable:

But that I see it figerde in these lines,
I would haue sworne there had bin nothing lesse,
For their pernitions brain to worke vpon.

K. L. A traitor is like, a boldface hypocrite,
That neuer will be brought vnto a nonplus,
So long as hee hath libertie to speake.

K. E. The way to cure them, is to cut them off,
Call forth their messengers once, moze to vs,
How. Both of them my Lord:

K. E. Yes, both together.

Woele see if they haue grace to blush or no,
At that their maisters shame now to attempt.

Enter both the Messengers.

Cont. What is his Maiestie of France so neere?
And Mounſier Roſe the Earles secretarie?
I feare some hurt depends vpon his presence,
M. How comes it that I see the french king here?
I and the Lord of Countie too me thinks,
May God our message be not made a scozne.

K. E. d. You told me that you came from Earle S. Paul.

Mes. I did my Lord, And therein fabled not.

K. E. You told me too of many kinde indenuours,
Which hee intended for our benefite?

Mes. As

King Edward the Fourth.

Mef. No more then hee is willing to performe.

Ki. E. Know you his hand writing if you see it?

Mef. I doe my Lorde.

King Ed. Is this his hand or no?

Mef. I cannot say but that it is his hand.

K. E. How comes it then that vnderneath his hand
My death is sought, when you that are his mouth,
Tune to our eares a quite contrarie tale?

The like read you decyphred in this paper,
Concerning trecherous wauering Burgundie;
Vnlesse you graunt they can diuide themselves,
And of two shapcs become foure substances,
How is it I should haue their knightly aide,
And yet by them be vtterly destroyde?

K. Lc. And I to be protected by their meanes,
And yet they shall conspire against my life.

K. E. What call you this, but vile hypocrisie?

K. L. Pay peasant like vnheard of trecherie.

Co. My Lord vpbraid not me with this offence:
I do protest I knewe of no such letters,
Nor any other intention of the Duke,
More then before was vttered in my message.

Scl. Will you bee halting too before a creeple?
Do you not remember what they were,
That first did certifie the Duke of truce,
Betwixt the renowned Edward and the French?

Co. Yes they were two souldiours, what of that?

Scl. Those souldiers were this gentleman and I,
Where we did heare the soule mouthde Duke exclaime,
Against our noble soueraigne and this Prince,
And roide and belloied like a parish bull,
And that in hearing both of you and him,
His words so please my Lord I can repeate,
As he did speake them at that very time.

K. Ed. Well they are messengers, & for that cause
We are content to beare with their amisse,

The Second part of

But keepe them safe, and let them not returne,
 To carrie talcs vnto those counterfeits,
 Untill you haue them both as fast insnarde,
 To compasse which the better, brother of Fraunce,
 Fine thousand of our souldiours here we leaue,
 To be imployde in seruice to that end,
 The rest with vs to England shall returne, Exit,

Enter Chorus.

Ch. King Edward is returned home to England,
 And Lewis King of France soone after ward,
 Surprized both his subtilt enemies,
 Rewarding them with traitterous recompence,
 Now do we draw the curtaine of our Scene,
 To speake of Shoare and his faire wife againe,
 With other matters thereupon depending,
 You must imagine since you saue him last
 Preparate for traile, he hath bin abzoade,
 And seene the sundrie fashions of the world,
 Vlyses like, his countries loue at length,
 Hoping his wifes death, and to see his friendes,
 Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,
 Come home is hee, but so vnluckilie,
 As hee is like to loose his life thereby:
 His and her fortunes shall wee now pursue,
 Gracee with your gentle sufferance and biew. Exeunt.

Enter Mistris Shoare with Iockie her man, and some attendants more, and is met by Sir Robert Brakenburie.
 Iane Shore. Haue pce bestowde our small beneuolence,
 On the poore prisoners in the Common Gaole,
 Of the White Lyon and the Kings bench?

Iockie. Yes for suth:

Iane. What prisons this?

Iockie. The Marshalsea for suth.

Enter Sir Robert Brakenburie.

Bra. Well met faire Ladie in the happiest time,
 And choysrest place that my desire could wish,

Without

King Edward the Fourth.

Without offence, where haue yee bene this way?

I. To take the aire here in Saint Georges field,
Sir Robert Brakenburie, and to visit some
Pooze patients that cannot visit mee.

Bra. Are you a phisition?

Iane. I a simple one.

Bra. What disease cure yee?

Iane. Faith none perfectlie,
My phisicke doth but mittigate the paine
A little while, and then it comes againe.

Bra. Sweete mistress Shoare, I vnderstand ye not.

Iane. Maister Lieutenant I beleue you well.

Iockie, Gude faith Sir Robert Brokenbellie, may maffres
speakes destly and truelie, for shee hes bene till see thore
that cannot come till see her: and theyes peattients perforce.
The prisoners man in the tiewa prisons. And shee hes gyne
tham her siller and her geere till bay tham fude.

Bra. Gramercies Iockie thou resoulste my doubt.

A comfort ministring kinde Phisition,

That once a weeke in her owne person visits,

The prisoners and the pooze in Hospitalles,

In London or neere London euerie way,

Whose purse is open to the hungrie soule,

Whose pittious heart saues many a tall mans life.

Iane. Peace good Sir Robert, tis not worthie praisse,

For yet worth thanks, that is of duetie doone,

For you know well, the world doth know too well,

That all the coales of my pooze charitie,

Cannot consume the scandall of my name,

What remedie: well, tell mee gentle knight,

What meant your kinde salute and gentle speech,

At our first meeting, when you seemde to blesse

The time and place of our encounter heere?

Bra. Ladie there lies here prisonde in the Marthalsea,

A gentleman of good parents and good discent.

My deare nere kinsman, Captaine Harrie Stranguidge,

The Second part of

As tall a skillfull Pauiſgatoꝝ tride,
As ere ſette ſote in any ſhippe at ſea,
Whoſe lucke it was to take a prize of France,
As hee from Rochell was foꝝ London bound:
Foꝝ which (except his pardon be obtainde,
By ſome eſpectall fauourite of the King)
Hee and his crew, a companie of proper men,
Are ſure to die, becauſe twas ſince the League.
Iane. Let me ſee him and all his companie.

Bra. Keeper bzing foꝝth the Captaine and his crew.

Entr keeper, Stranguidge, Shoare diſguiſde, and
three more fettered.

Iockie. Now ſay oth diell, that like bonnie men
ſud bee hamperd like plue Iades, weas me foꝝ ye gude
Ladders.

Bra. I Coſin Harrie, this is miſtris Shoare,
Deareleſſe in Court, foꝝ beantie, bountie, pittie.

Iane viewes them all.

And if ſhee can not ſaue thee, thou muſt die,

Stran. Will ſhee if ſhee can?

Bra. I Coſin Stranguidge I.

Sho. O torment worſe then death to ſee her face,
That cauſde her ſhame, & my vnjuſt diſgrace, S. aſide.
O that our mutuall eies were Baſilisks,
To kill each other at his enterbiew, (well:

Bra. How like ye him ladie? you haue ſie wd him

Iane. I pittie him, and that ſame proper man,

That turnes his backe, aſhamde of this diſtreſſe;

Sho. Aſhamde of thee cauſe of my beautille?

Iane. And all the reſt, oh were the king returnde,
There might bee hope, but ere his coming home,

They

King Edward the Fourth.

They may be tri'de, condemn'd, and iudg'de, & dead.

Shore. I am condemn'd by sentence of defame, aside.
O were I dead I might not see my shame.

Bro. Your credit Ladie may prolong their tryall,
What Iudge is he that will giue you denyall:

Ia. He rack my credit, and wil launch my crowns,
To saue their liues, if they haue done no murther.

Sh. O thou hast crackt thy credit with a crowne. aside.
And murder'd me poore Mathew Shore alsiue.

Strang. Faire Ladie, we did shed no drop of blood
For cast one Frenchman ouer bord, and yet,
Because the league was made befoze the fact,
Which we poze sea mē God knowes neuer heard:
We doubt our liues, yea though we should restore
Treble the value that we tooke, and more.
It was lawfull prize when I put out to sea,
And warrant'd in my commission.

The kings are since combinde in amitie,
(Long may it last) and I vnwittingly
Haue tooke a Frenchman since the truce was tane
And if I die, viz, one day I must,
And God will pardon all my sinnes I trust,
My griefe will be for these poore harmelesse men,
Who thought my warrant might suborne y^e deed,
Chiefly that gentleman that stands sadly there,
Who on (my soule) was but a passenger.

Iane. Well Captain Stranguidge, were the king at home,
I could say more.

Stran. Ladie, heere come a Shore.
Last night at Douer, my boy came from thence,
And saw his Highnesse land.

Ian. Then courage sirs
He vse my sayrest meanes to saue your liues,
In the meane season spend that for my sake. casts her purse.

Enter Lord Marquesse Dorset, and elaps
her on the shoulder.

The second part of

Mar. By your leau: Distresse Shore, I haue taken paines,
To find you out, come you must go with me.

Iane. Whither my Lord?

Mar. Vnto the Quene my mother.

Iane. Good my Lord Marquesse Dorset wrong me not.

Mar. I can not wrong thee as thou wrongst my mother,
He bring thee to her let her vse her pleasure.

Iane. Against my will I wrong her good my Lord,
Yet am ashamde to see her Hatefullie.

Sweet Lord excuse me, say ye saw me not.

Mar. Shall I delude my mother for a whore?
No Distresse Shore ye must go to the Quene.

Ia. Must I my Lord? what will she do to me?

Vse violence on me now the kings away?

Alas my Lord, behold this shew of teares,
Which kind King Edward would compassionate,

Bring me not to her, she will slit my nose,

Or marke my face, or spurne me vnto death.

Loke on me Lord, can ye find in your hart?

To haue me spoild that neuer thought you harme?

Or rather with your rapier runne me through,

Then carrie me to the displeased Quene.

Shore. I hadst thou neuer broke thy vow to me
From feare and wrong had I defended thee.

Mar. I am inexorable, therefore arise,
And go with me, what rascall true is this,
Distres Shores sisters, such slaues make her proud
What sir Robert Brakenbury you a Shorist too?

Bra. No Shorist, but to saue my cosens life.

Mar. Then ile be hangd if he escape for this,
The rather for your meanes to Distresse Shore.

My mother can do nothing, this whore all,
Come away minion you shall prate no more.

Ia. Pray for me friends and I will pray for you,
God send you better hap then I expect,
Go to my lodging you, and if I perish,

Take

King Edward the fourth.

Take what is there in lieu of your true seruice.

Ioc. Pa a maye sale ayle nere forlake my gude maistresse,
Till aye bea sene tha woost that spight can du her.

Exeunt Marquesse, & Iane & theirs.

Sho. For all the wrong that thou hast done to me,
They should not hurt thee yet if I were free.

Bra. See cosen Stranguidge how the case is chaungde,
She that should help thee can not helpe her selfe.

Strang. What remedie? the God of heauen helps all,
What say ye mates? our hope of life is dasht,
Now none but God, lets put our trust in him,
And euery man repent him of his sinne,
And as together we haue liu'd like men,
So like tall men together let vs die:
The best is if we die for this offence,
Our ignorance shall pleade our innocence.

Keeper. Your meat is ready (Captaine) you must in.

Stran. Must I? I will: Cosen what will you do?

Bra. Wilt thou loone, but now I will to Court

To see what shal become of Mistres Shore.

exit.

Stran, God speed ye well.

Keeper. Come Sir will you go in?

Sh. Ile eat no meat, giue me leaue to walk here,

Am I now left alone: no millions

Of miseries attend me euery where:

Ah Mathew Shore, how doth all seeing heauen,

Punish some sinne, from thy blind conscience hid?

Inflicting paine where all thy pleasure was,

And by my wife came all these woes to passe,

She falsde her faith, and brake her wedlocks band,

Her honoz falne, how could my credit stand?

Pet wil not I pooze Iane on t'ee exclaime,

Though guilty thou, I guiltlesse suffer shame.

I lest this land too little for my grife,

Returning, am accounted as a theefe,

Who in that ship came but as passenger,

To

The Second part of

To see my friends, hoping the death of her,
At sight of whom some sparkes of former loue,
(Hid in affections ashes) pittie moue,
Kindling compassion in my broken hart,
That bleedes to thinke on her insuing smart,
O see weake womens imperfections,
That leaue their husbands safe protections,
Hazarding all on strangers flatteries,
Whose lust alaid, leanes them to miseries,
See what dishonour breach of wedlocke brings,
Which is not safe euen in the armes of kings:
Thus do I lane lament thy present state,
Wishing my teares thy torments might abate.

Exit.

Enter the Queene, Marquesse Dorset leading Mistres Shore, who falls down on her knees before the Queen
fearefull and weeping.

Qu. How (as I am a Queene) a goodly creature,
Sonne how was she attended where you found her?

Mar. Madame I found her at the Barthol-sea,
Going to visite the poore prisoners,
As she came by, hauing bene to take the aire,
And there the keeper told me she oft deales
Such bounteous almes as seldome hath been scene.

Qu. How before God, she would make a gallant Queene,
But good sonne Dorset stand aside a while.
God saue your Maiestie my Ladie Shore,
My Lady Shore said I: Oh blasphemie,
To wrong your title with a Ladies name,
Queene Shore, nay rather Emperesse Shore,
God saue your Grace, your maiestie, your highnes,
Lord I want titles, you must pardon me:
What: you kneele there, King Edwards bedfellow
And I your subiect sit: sic, sic, for shame.
Come take your place, and ile kneele where you do,

I may

King Edward the Fourth.

I may take your place, you haue taken mine,
God Lord that you will so debaſe your ſelfe:
I am ſure you are our ſiſter Queene at leaſt,
May that you are, then let vs ſit together.
Iane. Great Queene, yet heare me, if my ſinne committed,
Haue not ſtopt vp all paſſage to your mercy,
To tell the wrongs that I haue done your highnes,
Might make reuenge exceed extremitie,
Oh had I words or tongue to vtter it,
To pleade my womans weakneſſe, & his ſtrength,
That was the onely worker of my fall.
Euen innocence her ſelfe would bluſh for ſhame,
Once to be namde or ſpoken of in this,
Let them expect for mercie whole offence,
May but be called ſinne, Oh mine is more,
Proſtrate as earth, beſore your highneſſe ſeete.
Inſiſt what torments you ſhall thinke moſt meet.
Ma. Spurne the whoze (mother) feare thoſe enticing eyes,
That robd you of King Edwards deareſt lone.
Hangl: thoſe locks, the baites to his deſires,
Let me come to her, you but ſtand and talke,
As if reuenge conſiſted but in words.
Qu. Sonne ſtand aloofe, and do not trouble me,
Alas poore ſoule, as much adw haue I, aſide.
To forbear teares to keep her company.
Yet once more will I to my former humoz.
Why as I am, thinke that thou wert a Queene,
And I as thou ſhould wrong thy princely bed,
And winne the King thy husband, as thou mine:
Would it not ſting thy ſoule? Or if that I
Being a Queen, while thou didſt loue thy husband:
Should but haue done as thou haſt done to me,
Would it not grieue thee: yes I warrant thee.
There's not the meanest woman that doth liue,
But if ſhe like and loue her husband well,
She had rather ſeele his warme limmes in her bed,

The Second part of

Then see him in the armes of any Queene,
 You are flesh and bloud as we, and we as you,
 And all alike in our affections,
 Though Haieslie makes vs the more ambitious.
 What tis to fall into so great a hand,
 Knowledge might teach thee. There was once a king,
 Henry the second, who did keepe his lemman,
 Cag'd vp at Woodstocke in a Labyrinth,
 His Queene yet got a tricke to find her out,
 And how she vs'd her, I am sure thou hast heard,
 Thou art not mew'd vp in some secret place,
 But kept in Court here vnderneath my nose,
 How in the absence of my Lord the king,
 Haue I not time most fitting for reuenge?
 Faire Rosamond, she a pure virgin was,
 Unill the king seduc'd her to his will.
 She wrong'd but one bed, onely the angry Lucenes,
 But thou hast wronged two, mine and thy husbands,
 Be thine owne Iudge, and now in iustice see,
 What due reuenge I ought to take on thee.

Ia. Euen what you will (great Queene) here do I lie,
 Humble and prostrate at your Highnesse feet,
 Inflict on me what may reuenge your wrong,
 Was neuer lambe abode more patiently,
 Then I will doe. Call all your griefes to mind,
 And do euen what you will, or how likes you,
 I will not stirre, I will not shrike or crie,
 Be it torture, poyson, any punishment,
 Was neuer Dowe or Turtle more submisse,
 Then I will be vnto your chastisement.

M. Fetcht I her for this: mother let me come to
 And what compassion will not suffer you (her,
 To do to her, referre the same to me.

Qu. Touch her not sonne, vpon thy life I charge thee,
 But keepe off still, if thou wilt haue my loue. Exit Ma.
 I am glad to heare ye are so well resolu'de,

King Edward the Fourth.

To beare the burthen of my iust displeasure.

She drawes forth a knife, & making as though she meant to spoyle her face, runs to her, and falling on her knees, embraces and kisses her, casting away the knife.

Thus then she do, alas poore soule,

Shal I weep with thee? in faith poore hart I will,

Be of good comfort, thou shalt haue no harme,

But if that kisses haue the power to kill thee,

Thus, thus, & thus, a thousand times she stab thee.

Iane I forgiue thee: what fort is so strong,

But with besieging he will batter it?

Weepe not (sweet Iane) alas I know thy sere,

Toncht with the selfe same weaknes y thou art,

And if my state had bene as meane as thine,

And such a beautie to allure his eye,

(Though I may promise much to mine owne strength)

What might haue hapt to me, I cannot tell.

Pay feare not, for I speake it with my hart,

And in thy sorow truely beare a part.

Ia. Most high and mighty Queene, may I belieue

There can be found such mercy in a woman,

And in a Queene, more then that in a wise,

So deeply wrongd as I haue wronged you?

In this bright christall mirrour of your mercy,

I see the greatnesse of my sinne the more,

And makes my fault more odious in mine eyes,

Your princely pittie now doth wound me more,

Then all your threatnings ever did before.

Qu. Rise my sweet Iane, I say thou shalt not kneele,

Oh God forbid, that Edwards Queene should hate

Her, whom she knowes he doth so dearely loue,

My loue to her, may purchase me his loue.

Iane, speake well vnto the King of me and mine,

Remember not my sonnes oze-hastie speech,

Thou art my sister, and I loue thee so.

The Second part of

I know thou mayest do much with my dear Lord,
Speake well of vs to him in any case,
And I and mine will loue and cherish thee.

1a. All I can do is all too little too,
But to requite the least part of this grace,
The dearest thoughts that harbour in this breast,
Shall in your seruice onely be exprest.

Enter King Edward angerly, his Lords following,
and Sir Robert Brakenbury.

King. What is my lane with her? it is too true,
See where she hath her downe upon her knees.
Why how now Belle? what, will ye wrong my lane?
Come hither loue, what hath she done to thee?

lane fals on her knees to the King,
Ian. Oh royall Edward, loue, loue, thy beauteous Queene,
The onely perfect mirrour of her kind,
For all the choyssest vertues can be nam'd.
Oh let not my bewitching lookes withdraw
Your deare affections from your dearer Queene,
But to requite the grace that she hath showne
To me the worthlesse creature on this earth,
Do banish me the Court immediately,
Great King let me but beg one boone of thee,
That Shores wise nere do her more iniurie.

As lane kneels on one side the King, so the
Queene steps and kneels on the other.

Qu. May then ile beg against her royall Edward,
Loue thy lane still, nay more if more may be.
And this is all the harme that at my hands
She shal endure for it. Oh where my Edward lones,
It ill becomes his Queene to grudge thereat.

kissing
her.

Kin. Sayest thou nie so Belle, on my kingly word,
Edward will honour thee in hart for this:
But trust me Belle? I greatly was affraid,
I should not find ye in so good a tune.

How

King Edward the Fourth.

Holo now, what would our Constable of the Tower?

Bra. The Quene and mistris Shoare do know my lute.

Qu. It is for Stranguidge and his men at sea,
Edward needes must you pardon them.

King. Haue I not bolwed the contrarie already:
Dishonour mee when I haue made a league:
My word is past, and they shall suffer death,
Or neuer moze let mee see France againe.

Ia. Why there is one was but a passenger.
Shall hee die too?

King. Passe me no passage lane, were he in com-
panie, hee dies for companie.

Queene. Good lane intreate for them.

lane. Come Edward, I must not take this answer;
Peeles must I haue some grace for Stranguidge.

King. Why lane, haue I not denide my Quene?
Yet what ist lane I would denie to thee?

I prethee Brakenburie be not thou displeasde,
My word is past, not one of them shall liue,
One go and see them forthwith sent to death.

Exeunt

Enter Clarence, Gloucester, and Shawe.

Gloc. I cannot see this prophesie you speake off,
Should any way so much displease the King,
And yet I promise you good Brother Clarence,
Tis such a letter as concernes vs both,
That G. should put away King Edwards children,
And sit vpon his throne: that G. should: well.

Cla. God blesse the King, and those two sweet yong

Glo. Amen good brother Clarence; Princes.

Shaw. Amen.

G. And send them all to heauen shortly I beseech him.

C. The kings much troubled in his sicknesse with it.

G. I promise you hee is, and verie much.

The second part of

But Doctor Shawe, who prophesied that G. should be so sadly ominous to vs.

Shaw. My Lord of Gloucester I receiue the same
From olde frier Anselme of Saint Bartholmes.

Glo. A great learned man he was, and as I haue heard,
Hath prophesied of very many things,
I promise you it troubles mee,
I hope in mee his prophesie is true.

aside.

Cla. An so it does me, I tell you Brother Gloucester.

G. I am sure it does, for looke you Brother Clarence,
We know not how his Highnesse will applie it,
We are but two, your selfe my Lord and I,
Should the yong Princes faile, which God defend:

Clarence. Which God defend.

Shawe. Which God defend,

Glo. aside. But they should bee cutte off : Amen, Amen.
You brother first, and should your issue faile,
Wooe I am next, the yongest of the three.
But how farre I am from a thought of that,
Heauen witness with me, that I wish you dead.

aside,

Clarence. Brother I durst bee sworne.

Gl. God blesse you all, and take you to him if it be his wil.
Now brother, this prophesie, of G. troubling the King,
Hee may as well applie it vnto Gloucester,
My Dukedomes name, if hee bee Jealous,
As vnto George your name, good brother Clarence,
God helpe, God helpe : ifaith it troubles me,
You would not thinke how : aside. that any of you liue.

Cla. It cannot chuse : howe innocent I am,
And how vnspotted are my loyall thoughts
Vnto his Highnes, and those sweet yong Princes,
God bee my record.

Glo. Who you, I, I durst answere for you,
That I shall cutte you off ere it be long,
But reuerend Doctor, you can onely tell,
Being his Highnesse confessor, how hee takes it.
Shaw you know my mind, a villain like my selfe,

aside,

aside to
Shaw.
Shaw

King Edward the fourth.

Shawe. My Lord of Clarence I must tell your Lordship,
His Highnesse is much troubled in his sicknesse
With this same Prophecie of G. Who is this G?
Oft times hee will demaunde, and then will hee sigh,
And name his Brother George, your selfe my Lord,
And then hee strikes his breast, I promise you,
This morning in the treamest of his fitte,
He lay so still, wee all thought hee had slept,
When sodainely, George is the G. quoth hee,
And gaue a groane, and turnde his face away.

Cla. God bee my witnesse, witnes with my soule,
My iust and vpight thoughts to him and his,
I stand so guiltlesse and so innocent,
As I could wish my breast to bee transparent,
And my thoughts witten in great letters there,
The world might reade the secrets of my soule.

Gl. Ah Brother Clarence, when you are suspected,
Well, well, it is a wicked world the while,
But shall I tell you brother in plaine tearmes,
I feare, I feare, your selfe and I haue enemies,
About the King, God pardon them,
The world was neuer worser to bee trusted:
Ah brother George, where is that loue that was,
Ah it is banisht brother from the world:
Ah Conscience, Conscience, and true brotherhood,
Tis gone, tis gone, brother I am your friend,
I am your louing Brother, your owne selfe,
And loue you as my soule, vse mee in what you please,
And you shall see Ile doo a brothers part,
Send you to heauen I hope, ere it bee long, aside.
I am a true stampet villaine as euer liude.

Cla. I know you will, then brother I beseech you,
Pleade you mine innocence vnto the King,
And in meane time to tel my Loyaltie,
Ile keepe within my house at Bainards Castle,
Vntill I heare how my dread Soueraigne takes it.

The Second part of

Glocester. Do so good by other.

Cla. Farewell good Brother Glocester.

Glo. My teares will scarcely let me take my leave,
I loue you so: Farewell sweete George. (Exit Cla.)
So, is hee gone: now Shaw tis in thy powre,
To binde me to thee euerlastingly,
And there is not one steppe that I shall rise,
But I will draw thee with me vnto greatnesse,
Thou shalt sitte in my bosome as my soule,
Incense the King, now being as thou art,
So neere about him, and his Confessor,
That this G. onely is George Duke of Clarence,
Doctor thou needst not my instruction,
Thou hast a searching byaine, a nimble spirite,
Able to master any mans affections,
Effect it Shawe, and bring it to passe once,
He make thee the greatest Shawe that euer was.

Glo. My Lord, I am going by commandement,
Vnto the Marshalsea, to Captaine Stranguidge,
For Piracie of late condemnde to die,
There to confesse him and his companie,
That done, He come with speede backe to the king,
And make no doubt but He effect the thing.

Glo. Farewell gentle Doctor.

Shaw. Farewell my Lord of Glocester. Exit.

Glo. Let me awake my sleeping wittes a while,
Ha, the marke thou aimst at Richard is a crowne,
And many stand betwixt thee and the same,
What of all that: Doctor play thou thy part,
He climbe by by degrees, through many a heart.

Exit.

Enter Brakenburie with Vaux
the Keeper.

Bra. Why master Vaux is there no remediee

But

King Edward the Fourth.

But instantly they must be led to death:
Can it not be deferred till after noone,
Or but two houres, in hope to get reprieue?

K. Maister Lieutenant, tis in vain to speake,
The Kings incensie, and will not pardon them;
The men are patient, and resolute to die,
The Captaine and that other Gentleman,
Haue cast the dice whether shall suffer first.

Bra. How sell the Lot, to Stranguidge or to him?

Kee. The guiltlesse passenger must first go foot,

Bra. They are all guiltlesse from intent of ill,

Kee. And yet must die for doing of the deede,

Besides the Duke of Exeter found dead,

And naked floating by and downe the sea,

Twixt Calice and our coast, is laid to them,

That they should robbe, and cast him ouerboard.

Bra. My soule bee pained, they neuer knew of it.

Kee. Well bring them forth.

Bra. Stay them yet but an houre.

Kee. I dare not doo it Sir Robert Brakenburie.

You are Lieutenant of the Towre your selfe,

And know the perill of protracting time,

Moreouer heres that pickthank Doctor Shaw,

The Duke of Glocesters spannell whining them,

Come bring them forth.

Bra. Pooze Stranguidge must thou die?

Enter one bearing a siluer oare before Stranguidge, Shore,
and two or three more piniond, and two or three with
billes, and a hangman.

Bra. Al. I dare not say good morrow, but ill day,
That Harrie Stranguidge is thus cast away.

Stran. Good cousin Brakenburie be as well content,

To see mee die, as I to suffer death.

We witnesse that I die an honest man,

A

Because

The Second part of

Because my fact proues ill through ignorance,
And for the Duke of Exeter his death,
So speede my soule as I am innocent,
Here goes my grieve, this guiltlesse Gentleman,
Like Aesops Storke, that dies for companie,
And came (God knowes) but as a passenger.
Ah matter Flud, a thousand floods of woe,
Dre-flow my soule, that thou must perish so.

Sho. Good Captaine lette no perturbation,
Hinder our passage to a better world,
This last breaths blast wil wast our weary soules,
Duer deaths gulfe, to heauens most happie port.
There is a little battaile to bee fought,

This while the hangman prepares, Shoare at this speech
mounts vp the ladder.

Wherein by lotte the leading must bee mine,
Second mee Captaine, and this bitter breakfast,
Shall bring a sweeter supper with the Saints.

D.S. This Christian patience at the point of death,
Doth argue bee hath ledde no wicked life,
How euer heauen hath laide this Crosse on him,
Well Mathew Fludde, for so thou calst thy selfe,
Finish a good course as thou hast begonne,
And cleere thy conscience by confession,
What knowst thou of the Duke of Exceters death?

Sh. So God respect the waygate of my soule, as I
know nothing.

Doc. Sh. Then concerning this for which thou di-
est, knewe Stranguidge of the league betwixt the
kings before bee tooke that prize?

Sho. No in my conscience.

D. Sha. Stranguidge what say you?
You see theres but a turne betwixt your lines,
You must bee next, confesse and save your soule,

Conect

King Edward the Fourth.

Concerning that wherein I questionde him:

I am your ghosly father to absolue

You of your sinnes, if you confesse the truth.

Stran. True D, shaw, and as I hope for heauen,

In that great day when wee shall all appeare,

I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,

Nor of the league, till I had tane the prize.

Neither was Fludde, (that innocent dying man)

Euer with mee but as a passenger.

D. S. Howe happie he, wel Flud forgue the world,

As thou wilt haue forgueneesse from the heauens.

Sho. D so I doe, and pray the world forgue,

What wrong I did whilst I therein did liue,

And now I pray you turne your paines to them,

And leaue mee priuate for a little space,

To meditate vpon my parting hence.

D. Sha. Do gentle Flud, and we wil pray for thee.

Sho. Pray not for Flud, but pray for Mathew shoare,

For shoare covered with the cloake of Flud, aside,

If I haue sinde in chaunging of my name,

Forgue mee God, twas done to hide my shame,

And I forgue the world, King Edward first,

That wrackte my state, by winning of my wife,

And though hee would not pardon trespasses small,

In these, in me God knowes no fault at all.

I pardon him, though guiltie of my fall.

Perhaps he would, if hee had knowne twas I,

But twentie deaths I rather wish to die.

Than liue beholding for one minutes breath

To him, that liuing, wounded me with death.

Death of my toy, and hell of my defame,

Which now shall die vnder this borrowed name.

Iane, God forgue thee, even as I forgue,

And pray thou maist repent while thou dost liue,

I am as glad to leaue this loathed light,

As to embrace thee on our marriage night.

The Second part of

To die vnknowne thus, is my greatest good,
That Mathew shoares not hangde, but Mathew Flud.
For flouds of woe haue wash't away the shore,
That neuer wife nor kinne shall looke on more:
Now when ye will, I am pzeperde to go.

Enter Iockie running and crying.

Iockie. Halwd, halwd, saye for speede, vntaye, vntuisse, pull
down, pul off, God seauē the king : off with the helters, hence
with the prisoners, a pardon, a pardon.

Bra. God newes vnlookte for, welcome gentle friend, who
bryngs the pardon:

Iockie. Stay first lat ma blaw: my mastres, mastres Shore
shoe bryngs tha pardoune, tha kings pardoune: off with thore
hands, bestow them o tha hangman, may mastres made mee
runne the nérest way oze tha fields, she rayds apeace the hē
way, shees at halwd bay this : sirra yee that pzeach, come
down, lat Doctor Shalw hea your place, hees tha better scho-
ler, mastres Shoare bryngs a new lesson for you.

shoare. O I had read my latestt lesson well.
Hāt hee beene readie to haue said Amen.

poynt to the hangman.

Now shall I līue to see my shame agen.

shoare comes downe.

O had I dīde vnwitting to my wife,
Rather then see her, though shee bryng mee life.

Enter Iane in haste, in her riding cloake and sauegard,
with a pardon in her hand.

Iane. Alas I see that euen my smallest stay,
Had lost my labour, and cast them away,
God knowes I hasted all that ere I might,
Here master Vaux, King Edward greetes ye well,

His

King Edward the Fourth.

His gracious pardon frées this Gentleman,
And all his companie from shamefull death.

All. God saue the king, and God blesse mistres Shore.

Ioc. Amen, and kepe these frea conning here any meare.

Ian. You must discharge them paying of their fees,

Which for I feare their store is very small,
I will defray, hold, here, take purse and all,
Pay Maister Vaux tis gold, if not enough,
Send to me, I will pay ye royally.

Stran. Ladie, in the behalfe of all the rest,
With humble thanks I yeeld my selfe your slaue,
Command their seruice, and command my life.

Ia. No Captain Stranguidge, let the king comānd
Your liues and seruice, who hath giuen you life,
These and such offices conscience bids me doe.

D.Sh. Pittie that ere alway she trode her shoue.

Sho. Had that conscience prickt when loue prouokt.

Bra. Ladie the last but not the least in debt,
To your deuotion for my cosens life,
I render thanks, yet thanks is but a breath,
Command my seruice (Madame) during life,
Old Brakenburie bowes for you to stand,
Whil ft I haue limmes, or any foot of land.

Sh. Thus is her glozy builded on the sand.

Ia. Thanks good M. Lieutenant of the Tower.

Sirra prepare my horse, why stay you here?

to Iucky?

Pray ye commend me to my noble friend

The Duke of Clarence now your prisoner,

Bid him not doubt the kings displeasures past

I hope to gaine him fauour and release.

Br. God graunt ye may, hees a noble gentlemā.

Do. Sh. My patrene Gloster will crosse it if he can.

Enter a Messinger.

Nuntio. Wheres Mistresse Shoare? Ladie I come in post,

The King hath had a verie dangerous fitte

The Second part of

Since you came from him, twice his Maestie,
Hath swounded, and with much a doe renide,
And still as breath will giue him leaue to speake,
He calls for you : the Queene and all the Lords
Haue sent to seeke ye, haſt vnto his Grace,
Or els I feare you'l neuer see his face.

Ia. O God defend, good friends pray for the king,
More bitter are the newes which he doth bring,
Then those were sweet I brought to you but late :
If Edward die, confounded is my state,
He haſt vnto him, and will spend my blood,
To saue his life or do him any good.

Exeunt she and the Messenger.

Sh. And so would I for thee hadst thou been true:
But if he die, bid all thy pompe adieu.

Bra. Belieue me but I do not like these newes,
Of the kings dangerous sicknesse.

Keeper. No no I,
Captaine, and Maister Fludde, and all the rest,
I do reioyce your pardon was obtaind,
Before these newes, these inauspicious newes,
If the king die, the state will soone be change,
M. Lieutenant, you'l go to the Tower :
He take my leaue, gallants God buoie all.

Exeunt Vaux and his traine.

St. God buoie M. Vaux, I wus ye ha lost good guesse.

Bra. You shall be my guest for a night or two,
Cosen, till your owne lodging be preparte,
But tell me sir what meanes hath M. Fludde.

Strang. I can not tell, he aske him if ye will.

Bra. Do so, and if his fortunes be debaſe,
He entertaine him if heele dwell with me,
On good condition.

Strang. M. Mathe w Fludde,
Heare ye my cosen Brakenburies mind:
He hath conceind such liking of your partes,

That

King Edward the Fourth.

That if your meanes surmount not his suppose,
Heele entertaine ye gladly at the Tower,
To waite on him, and put ye in great trust.

Sho. In what I undertake I will be fust,
And hold me happie, if my diligence
May please so worthy a Gentleman as he,
What ere my fortunes haue been, they are now,
Such as to seruice make their mayster bow.

Bra. No Flud more like a friend & fellow mate,
I meane to vse thee, then a seruitor,
And place thee in some credit in the Tower,
And giue thee meanes to liue in some good sort.

Sh. I thank ye sir, God grant I may deserue it.
Bra. Tosen and all your crue come home with me,
Where after sorow we may merry be.

Sho. The Tower will be a place of secret rest,
Where I may heare good newes and bad, and vse the best,
God blesse the king, a worse may weare the crowne,
And then Iane Shore thy credit will come downe,
For though ile neuer bed nor bord with thee,
Yet thy destruction wish I not to see,
Because I lou'de thee when thou wast my wife,
Not for now saving my disdained life,
Which lasts too long. God grant vs both to mend,
Well I must in my seruice to attend.

Exit.

The Lord Louell and Doctor Shaw meet on the Stage.

Sha. Well met my good Lord Louell.

Lo. Whither away so fast goes Doctor Shaw?

Sha. Why to the Tower, to shiue the Duke of Clarence,
Who as I heare is salne so grienous sicke,
As it is thought he can by no meanes scape.

Lo. He neyther can nor shall I warrant thee.

Sh. I hope my Lord he is not dead already?

Lo. But I hope sir he is, I am sure I saw him dead,

The Second part of

Of a flies death, drowned in a butte of Palsey.

Sha. Drowned in a butte of Palsey: that is strange,
Doubtlesse he neuer would misdoe himselfe:

Lo. Po, that thou knowest right well, he had some helpers,
Thy hand was in it with the Duke of Glosters,
As smoothly as thou seekst to couer it.

Sha. Oh soyle words my Lord, no more of that,
The world knowes nothing, then what should I feare?
Doth not your honour seeke promotion?

Oh giue the Doctor then a little leaue,
So that he gaine preferment with a king,
Cares not who goes to wracke, whose hart doth wring.

Lo. A king? what king?

Sh. Why Richard man? who else? god Lord I see,
Wise men sometimes haue weake capacitie.

Lo. Why is not Edward liuing? and if he were not,
Hath he not children? what shall become of them?

Sh. Why man, lining for beds, a knife, or so,
What make a boy a king, and a man by,
Richard, a man for vs: fie that were a shame.

L. Nay then I see if Edward were decess,
Which way the game would go.

Sha. What else my Lord?

That way the current of our fortune runnes,
By noble Richard, gallant royall Richard,
He is the man must onely doe vs good,
So I haue honour, let me swimme through blood.
My Lord, be but at Pauls crosse on Sunday next,
I hope I haue it here shall soundly proue,
King Edwards children not legitimate.

Nay, and that for Edward ruling now,
And George the Duke of Clarence so late dead:
Their mother hath to tread the shooe awry.

Why what is Richard then?

Sha. Tut, lawfull man, he sayes it so himselfe.
And what he sayes he be so bold as sweare,

Though

King Edward the Fourth.

Though in my soule I know it otherwise.
Beware promotion while you live my Lord.

Enter Catesbie.

Ca. A staffe, a staffe, a thousand crownes for a staffe,

Lo. What staffe Sir William Catesbie?

Ca. Why man a white staffe for my Lord Protector.

Lo. Why is King Edward dead?

Ca. Dead Louel, dead, & Richard our good Lord
Is made Protector of the sweet young Prince.

Oh for a staffe, where might I haue a staffe,
That I might first present it to his hand:

Sh. How do I smell two Bishopricks at least,
My sermon shall be pepperd sound for this.

Enter Mistresse Shoare weeping, Iockie
following.

Ca. Why holw now mistres Shoare: what, put finger in
Nay then I see you haue some cause to crie. (the eye,

Lo. I blame her not, her chiefest stay is gone,
The onely staffe, she had to leane vpon,
I see by her these tidings are too true.

Ian. I my Lord Louell, they are too true indeed,
Royall king Edward now hath breath'd his last,
The Queene turnd out, and euery friend put by,
None now admitted, but whom Richard please.

Lo. Why doubtlesse Richard wil be kind to you.

Ia. Ah my Lord Louell, God blesse me from his kindness.
No sooner was the white staffe in his hand.

But finding me and the right woofull Queene,
Sadly bemoning such a mighty losse:

Here is no place quoth he, you must be gone,

We haue other matters now to thinke vpon.

For you, (quoth he to me) and bit his lip,

And stroke me with his staffe, but said no more.

S

Whereby

The Second part of

Whereby I know he meaneth me no good.

Cat. Well Mistresse Shore, its like to be a busie time,
Shift for your selfe, come lads let vs be gone,
Koyall King Richard must be waite vpon.

Sh. Well mistres Shoare, if you haue need of me,
You shall command me to the vttermost.

Exeunt.

Ian. First let me die ere I do put my trust,
In any slering Spaniel of you all.
Go lockie, take downe all my hangings,
And quickly see my trunks be conuayde forth,
To mistres Blages, an Inn in Lombardstræte,
The Flower de Luce, god lockie make some spæd,
She, she must be my refuge in this need.
See it doone quickly lockie.

Exit.

Iock. Whickly quoth a? marie heres a whicke chaunge
in deede, like whicke chaunge did I nere see before. Now
dreame I, that ise be a very pure fellow, and hardly ha any
siller to drinke with a gude fellow. But what stand I tat-
ling here. I must go do my maistres bidding, carrie all her
stufte and geere to Mistres Blages, at the Flower de luce in
Lombardstræt, whicke then dispatch.

Exit.

Enter Brakenburie, and Floud, to them the two young
princes, Edward and Richard, Gloster, Catel Louell,
and Tirill.

Bra. Come hither Floud let me heare thy opinion,
Thou knowest I build vpon thy confidence,
And honest dealing in my greatst affaires:
I haue receiued letters from the Duke,
Gloster I meane, Protector of the land,
Who giues in charge the Tower be preparte,
This night to entertaine the two yoyng Princes,
It is my duety to obey I know,

But

King Edward the Fourth.

But manifold suspicion troubles me.

Flo. He is their vncle Sir, and in that sence,
Nature should warrant their securitie,
Next his deceased brother at his death,
To Richards care committed both the realme,
And their protection: where humanitie
Stands as an Orator to pleade against
All wrong suggestion of vnciuill thoughts:
Beside you are Lieutenant of the Tower,
Say there should be any hurt pretended,
The priuiledge of your authoritie
Pries into euery corner of this house,
And what can then be done without your knowledge?

Br. Thou sayest true Floud, though Richard be Protector,
When once they are within the Tower limites,
The charge of them (vnlesse he derogate)
From this my office, which was neuer seene,
In any kings time; doth belong to me:
And ere that Brakenbury will consent,
Nor suffer wrong be done vnto these babes,
His sword, and all the strength within the Tower
Shall be opposde against the proudest commor,
Be it to my soule as I intend to them.

Fl. And faith in me vnto this commonwealth,
And truth to men hath hitherto bene seene,
The Plot that hath guided my liues course,
Though it was my fortune to be wrongd in both:
And therefore Sir neither the mighties frowne,
Nor any bribes shall winne me other wise.

Bra. It is well resolued: Still me thinks they should
Be safe enough with vs, and yet I feare.

But now no more, it seemes they are at hand.

Pr. Ed. Uncle what Gentleman is that?

enter

Glost. It is (Sweet Prince) Lieutenant of the Tower.

Pr. Ed. Sir we are come to be your guests to night:

I pray you tell me did you euer know,

The Second part of

Our father Edward lodgde within this place,
Bra. Neuer to lodge (my liege) but oftentimes,
On other occasions I haue seene him here.

Ri. Brother last night when you did send for me,
My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
Within the Tower, that it was a prison,
And therefore marveld that my uncle Gloster,
Of all the houses for a kings receipt,
Within this Citie, had appointed none,
Where you might keep your court but only here.
Gl. Wile brats, how they do descant on y^e Tower.
My gentle Nephew they were ill advise,
To tutor you with such unfitting tearmes,
(Who ere they were) against this royall mansion:
What if some part of it hath beene reseru'd,
To be a prison for nobilitie?

Followes it therefore that it cannot serue,
To any other vse? Cesar himselfe
That built the same, within it kept his Court,
And many kings since him, the roomes are large,
The building stately, and for strength beside,
It is the safest and the surest hold you haue.

Pr. Ed. Uncle of Gloster, if you thinke it so,
It is not for me to contradict your will,
We must allow it, and are well content.

Glo. On then a Gods name.

Pr. E. Yet before we go,
One question more with you M. Lieutenent,
We like you well, and but we do perceive,
More comfort in your looks, then in these walles,
For all our uncle Glosters friendly speech,
Our hearts would be as heauie still as lead,
I pray you tell me, at which doore or gate
Was it my uncle Clarence did go in,
When he was sent a prisoner to this place?

Bra. At this my liege: why sighes your maiesty?

Prin. Ed.

King Edward the fourth.

Pr. Ed. He went in here that nere came back again,
But as God hath decreede, so lette it be,
Come brother, shall we go?

Fish. Yes brother, any where with you. Exeunt.

Tirill pulles Catesby by the sleewe.

Tir. Sir were it best I did attende the Duke,
Or stay his leysure till his backe returne?

Cat. I pray you maister Tirill stay without,
It is not good you should be scene by day
Within the Towre, especially at this time,
He tell his honour of your being heere,
And you shall know his pleasure presentlie.

Tir. Even so sir: men would be glad by any meanes,
To raise themselves, that have beene overthrowne,
By fortunes scoone, and I am one of them.

Enter Duke of Gloucester.

Here comes the Duke.

Gloc. Catesby, is this the man?

Cat. It is if like your excellence.

Gloce. Come neere.

Thy name I heare is Tirill, is it not?

Tir. James Tirill is my name, my gracious Lord.

Glo. Welcome, it should appeare that thou hast bin,
In better state then now it seemes thou art.

Tir. I have bin by my fey my Lord, though now de-
And clouded over with aduersitie. (press,

Glo. Be rulde by me, and then thou shalt rise again,
And prove more happie then thou ever wast,
There is but onely two degrees, by which
It shall be needfull for thee to ascend,
And that is faith and taciturnitie.

Tir. If ever I prove false unto your grace,
Convert your fauour to afflictions.

Glo. But canst thou too bee secret?

The second part of

Tirill. T'rie mee my Lord:

This tongue was neuer knowne to be a blab.

Glo. Thy countenance hath like a siluer key,
Opend the closet of my heart, reade there,
If scholler like thou canst expound those lines,
Thou art the man ordainde to serue my turne.

Tir. So farre as my capacitie will reach,
The sense my Lord is this, this night you say,
The two yong Princes both must suffer death.

G. Thou hast my meaning, wilt thou do it, speak?

Tirill. It shall bee doone.

Glo. Inough, come follow me,
For thy direction, and for gold to see,
Such as must ayde thee in their Tragedy.

Enter mistris Blage and Iockie Loden.

Bla. Welcome good Iockie, what good newes bring you?
Iockie. Marrie mastrres my gude mastrres greetes ye ma-
stres, and praies ye mastrres til dight typp her Chamber, for
sheell lig we ye to night mastrres. And heres her catte skinne
till she come.

Enter Iane.

Iane. Why how now loyterer? make ye no more haste:
When will my trunks and all my stuffe bee brought,
If you thus loyter, go, make haste withall.

Iockie. Marie fall aye, ginne yeele be bud patient a while.
Exit.

Iane. How gentle mistris Blage the onely friend,
That fortune leaues mee to relie vppon,
My counsels Closet and my Towre of strength,
To whom for safetie I retire my selfe,
To be secure in these tempestuous times,
O smile on mee, and giue me gentle looks,
If I be welcome, then with cheereful heart,
And willing hand shew mee true signes thereof.

Bla. Doubt yee of welcome Ladie to your friend?
Pay to your seruant, to your beadswoman,
To speake but truth, your bounties bondwoman:

Use

King Edward the fourth.

Use me, commande me, call my house your owne,
And all I haue sweete Ladie at your will.

Iane. Away with titles, lay by courtly tearmes,
The Case is altered now the King is dead,
And with his life my favouring friends are fled,
No Madam now, but as I was before,
Your faithfull kind companion, poore Iane Shoare.

Bla. I loue you then, and since, and ever shall,
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall,
You when my husbands lewde transgression
Of all our wealth had lost possession,
By forfeiture into his Highnes handes,
Got restitution of our goods and landes,
He fled, and died in France, to heale that harme,
You helpte me to three manors in fee farme,
The worst of which cleres threescore pound a yere,
Haue I not reason then to hold yee deare?
Yes happe what will untill my life do end,
You are and shall be my best loued friend,

Iane. How if misfortune my follie do succeed.

Bl. Trust me true friends bide touch in time of need.

Ia. If want consume the wealth I had before.

Bl. My wealth is yours, & you shall spend my store,

Ia. But the protector prosecutes his hate,

Bl. With me liue secret from the worlds debate,

Ia. You will be wearie of so badde a guest,

Bla. Then lette me neuer on the earth be blest.

Ia. Ah mistress Blague, you tender mee such loue,

As all my sorowes from my soule remoue,

And though my portion bee not verie large,

Yet come I not to you to bee a charge,

Coyne, plate, and iewels prize at lowest rate,

I bring with me to maintaine my estate,

Worth twentie thousand pound, and my array,

If you suruiue to see my dying day,

From you no pennie will I giue away.

The second part of

Blage. And I thanke you that so my wealth increast,
Am worth I trow, tenne thousand poundes at least,
I thinke like two warme widdowes wee may live,
Untill good fortune two good husbands giue,
For surely mistris Shoare pour husbands dead,
When heard yee of him?

Iane. Neuer since hee fledde.

O mistris Blage, nowe putte you in my head
That kills my hart, why should I breathe this aire,
Whose lost good name no treasure can repaire?
Oh were hee here with mee to leade his life,
Although hee neuer vsde mee as a wife,
But as a drudge to spurne mee with his feete,
Yet should I thinke with him that life were sweete.

Bl. How can ye once conceit so base a thing,
That haue beene kist and cockerd by a king,
Weepe not, yee hurt your selfe by Gods blest mother,
Pour husbands dead woman, thinke vpon another,
Let vs in to supper, drinke wine, cheere your heart,
And whilst I liue, be sure ile take your part.

Exit.

Enter Brakenburie, Shoare, Dighton,
Forrest, Tirill.

Tir. Sir I assure you tis my Lord Protector's warrant.

Bra. My friend, I haue conferrd it with his letters,
And tis his hand indeede, Ile not denie,
But blame mee not although I bee precise,
In matters that so neerely do concerne mee.

Dighton. My Lord protector, sir I make no doubt,
Dare iustifie his warrant, though perhaps,
He doth not nowe acquaint you why hee doth it.

Bra I thinke sir theres no subiect now in England,
Will vrge his grace, to shew what he dare do.
For will I aske him why hee does it,
I would I might, to ridde mee of my doubt.

aside.

Forrest. Why Sir I thinke hee needes no president,

For

King Edward the Fourth.

For what he does, I thinke his power is absolute enough.

Bra. I haue no power sir to examine it.

For will I do: I doe obey your warrant,

Which I will keepe for my securitie.

Tir. You shall do well in that sir.

Bra. Heres the keyes.

Sho. And yet I could wish my Lord protector,

Had sent his warrant thither by some other, aside.

I do not like their lookes I tell you true.

Bra. For I flud I assure thee.

Forrest. What does that slaue mutter to his maister?

Digh. I heare him say hee does not like our lookes?

Tir. Why not our lookes sir?

Forrest. Sirra wee heare you.

Sho. I am glad you doe sir: all is one for that.

But if you did not hearken better now,

I neuer saw three faces in whose lookes,

Did euer sit more terror: or more death,

God blesse the princes if it bee his will,

I do not like these villaines.

Dighton. Zounds stab the villaine, sirra do you haue hee?

Sho. I thats your comming, for you come to stabbe.

Forrest. Stabbe him.

Shoare. Pay then hee stabbe with thee.

Tirill. Z bloud cutte his thyoate.

Braken. Hold Gentlemen I pray you.

Shoare. Sir I am hurt, stabd in the arme;

Braken. This is not to be iustified my friends;

To draw your weapons here within the Towre,

And by the Lawe it is no lesse then death,

I cannot thinke the Duke will like of this,

I pray yee bee content, too much is done.

Tir. He might haue held his peace then, and beene quiet.

Farewell, farewell.

Shoare. Hell and damnation follow murderers.

Bra. Goe flud get thee some surgeon to look to thy wound,

The Second part of

Hast no acquaintance with some skilfull surgeon:
Keepe thy wound close, and let it not take aire.
And for my owne part, I will not stay heere.
Whither wilt thou Go that I may send to thee.

Sho. To one mistris Blages, an Inne in Gracious stræte,
There you shall finde mee, or shall heare of mee.

Braken. Sweete Princely babes, fare well I feare you sore,
I doubt these eies shall neuer see you more.

Enter the two yong Princes, Edward and Richard, in
their gownes and cappes vnbuttond,
and vntruff.

Richard. How does your Lordshippes

Edward. Well good brother Richard, how does your self?
You told mee your head ached.

Richard. Indeepe it does, my Lord feele with your hand
how hotte it is.

He laies his hand on his brothers head.

Edward. Indeepe you haue caught colde,
With sitting yester night to heare men reade,
I pray thee goe to bedde, sweete Dicke poore little heart.

Richard. Youle giue me leaue to waite vpon your Lordship.

Edward. I had more neede brother to waite on you:

For you are sick, and so am not I.

Richard. O Lord, me thinks this going to our bed,
How like it is to going to our grave:

Edward. I pray thee do not speake of granes sweet heart,
Indeepe thou frightst mee.

Ric. Why my Lord Brother, did not our Tutor teach vs,
That when at night we went into our bedde,
We still should thinke we went into our grane?

Ed. Yes thats true, that we should do as euerye christian
To bee preparede to die at euerye howre, but I am heauie.

Richard. Indeepe and so am I.

Edward. When let vs say our prayers and go to bedde.

They

King Edward the Fourth.

They kneele, and solemne musicke the while within,
the musicke ceaseth, and they rise.

Richard. What, bleeds your Grace?

Edward. I two drops and no more.

Richard. God blesse vs both, and I desire no more.

Edward. Brother see here what Dauid saies, and so say I,
Lord in thee will I trust although I die.

As the yong Princes go out,
enter Tirill.

Tirill. Go lay y^e downe, but neuer more to rise,
I haue put my hand into the foulest murder,
That euer was committed since the world,
The verie sencelesse stones here in the walles,
Breake out in teares but to behold the fact,
We thinke the Bodies lying dead in granes,
Should rise and crye against vs, O hearme hearme, A noyse
The Handraches speeke are much to their cries, within
The verie night is frighted, and the starres,
Do drop like torches, to beholde this deede:
The verie Center of the earth both shake,
We thinke the Tower should rent holow from the top,
To let the heauen looke on this monstrous deede.

Enter at one doore Dighton, with Edward vnder his
arme, at the other doore Forrest with Richard.

Dig. Stand further damned rogue, and come not nere me.

Forrest. Nay stand thou further villaine, stand aside.

Digh. Are we not both damned for this cursed deed.

Forre. Thou art the witnesse that thou bearest the King.

Dight. And what bearest thou?

For. It is too true, oh I am damned indeede,

Hee lookes downe on the boy vnder his arme.

Tir. I am as deepe as you, although my hand

Did not the deede.

The Second part of

Dighton. O villaine, art thou there?

Forrest. A plague light on thee.

Tir. Curle not, a thousand plagues will light vpon vs all.

They lay them downe.

The priest here in the Towre will burie them,
Let vs away.

Enter mistris Blage and her two men, bringing in Shore
alias Flud, in a chaire, his arme bleeding apace.

Blage. So, set him here awhile, where is more aire,
How cheere you sir, alacke hee both beginne
To change his colour, where is mistris Shoare?
Gone to her Closet for a precious Balme,
The same shee said King Edward vnde him selfe.

Bla. Alacke I feare heele die befoze shee come.
Runne quickly for some Rosa-solis, saunt not Sir,
Be of good comfort, come good mistris Shoare,
What haue you there?

Iane. Stand by and giue mee leane.

Bla. Unhappie me to lodge him in my house.

Iane. I warrant you woman, be not so afraide,
If not this bloud-stone hang about his necke,
This balme will stanch it by the helpe of God:

Lift vp his arme whilst I do bathe his wound,
The signe belike was heere when hee was hurt,
O, else some principall and cheefe veine is pierst.

Bla. Howeyer sure the surgeon was a knaue,
That lookte no better to him at the first.

Ia. Blaine him not mistris Blage, the best of them.
In such a case as this may bee to seeke.

Bla. Now God be blessed, see the Crimson bloud,
That was precipitate, and falling downe
Into his arme, restes into his face.

How fare you sir: how do you feeke your selfe?

Sh. Oh wherfoze haue you wakke me from my sleep?

And

King Edward the Fourth.

And broke the quiet slumber I was in,
We thought I late in such a pleasant place,
So full of all delight as neuer eye
Beheld, nor heart of man could comprehend,
If you had let me go I felt no paine,
But being now reuok't my griefe renewes.

Ian. Giue him some Rosa solis mistres Blague,
And that will like wise animate the sprites,
And send alacritie vnto the heart,
That hath been struggling with the pangs of death.

Bl. Here Sir drinke this, you need not feare it sic,
It is no hurt, see I will be your faster,
Then drinke I pray you.

Ian. Now fellows raise his bodie from the chaire,
And gently let him walke a turne or two.

Bl. Good sooth mistres Shoare, I did not thinke till now
You had been such a cunning skilde whistler.

Sho. Oh Mistres Blague, though I must needs confesse,
It would haue beene moze welcome to my soule,
If I had dyed and beene remoude at last,
From the confused troubles of this world,
Whereof I haue sustained no meane waight,
Then lingring here be made a packhorse still
Of torments, in comparison of which
Death is but as the pricking of a thorne,
Yet I do thanke you for your taken paines,
And would to God I could requite your loue.

Bl. Sir I did you little good, what was done
Ascribe the benefite and praise thereof
Vnto this Gentlewoman, kind mistres Shoare,
Who nert to God prefernde your feeble life.

Sh. How? Mistresse Shoare, good friends let go your hold,
My strength is now sufficient of it selfe.
Oh is it she that still prolongs my woe?
Was it ordainde not onely at the first,
She should be my destruction, but now twice,

The second part of

When gracious desires had brought about;
To end this weary pilgrimage of mine,
Must she and none but she prevent that god,
And stop my entrance to eternall blisse?
Oh lasting plague, oh endlesse coxaine,
It now repents me double that I scape thee,
Since lifes made death, and lifes author hate.

Ia. Sir take my counsell and sit downe againe;
It is not good to be so bold of foot,
Upon the sudden till you haue more strength.

Sho. Mistres I thanke you, and I care not much
If I be raide by you.

Oh God that she should pittle me unknowne,
That knowing me by her was overthrowne,
Or ignorantely she should regarde this smart,
Enter
That heretofore sparde not to stab my hart.

Bra. By your leaue mistres Blague, I am somewhat bold;
Is there not a Gentleman within your house?
Calo. Y. Floud, came hither hurt last night.

Bla. Is his name Floud, I knew it not till now,
But here he is, and well recovered,
Thankes to this Gentlewoman mistres Shoare.

Br. Pardon me mistres Shoare, I saw you not,
And trust me I am soze at the hart,
So good a creature as your selfe hath beene,
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are,
I promise you the world laments your case.

Ia. How meane you sir: I vnderstand you not;
Lament my case, for what: for Edwards death?
I know that I haue lost a gracious friend,
But that is not to be remedied now.

Bra. No mistres Shoare, it is for Richards hate,
That too much enuies your prosperitie.

Ia. I know he loues me not and for that cause,
I haue withdraue me wholly from the Court.

Bra. You haue not seene the Proclamation then?

Ia. The

King Edward the fourth.

Ia. The proclamatione no, what proclamatione?

Bra. Oh Mistres Shore, the King in every street
Of London, and in every borough to town,
Throughtout this land hath publicly proclaimed,
On paine of death that none shall harbour you,
Nor giue you food or cloathes to keep you warme,
But hauing first done shamefull penance here,
You shall be then thrust forth the Citie gates,
Into the naked cold forsaken field,
I salue not, I would to God I did,
See, heres the manner of it put in print,
Tis to be sold in every Stationers Shoppe,
Besides a number of them clapt in posse,
Where people crowding as they reade your fall,
Some murmur, and some sigh, but most of them,
Haue their relenting eyes bene big with teares.

Ia. Gods will be done, I know my sinne is great,
And he that is omnipotent and true,
Cannot but must reward me heauily.

Bra. It grieues me mistresse Shore, it was my chaunce,
To be the first reporter of this newes.

Ia. Let it not grieue, I haue thus heard of it,
And now as good, as at another time.

Bra. I pray ye mistresse Blague haue care of Flood,
And what his charge is I will see you paie.

Ia. Farewell to all that still shall be sighing,
Let men impose vpon me here such wrongs,
And this extremitie shall seeme the lesse,
In that I haue a friend to leane vpon,
Sweet mistres Blague, there were vpon the earth,
No comfort left for miserable Iane,
But that I do presume vpon your loue,
I know though Rycharde had let doونه,
A greater penaltie then is proclaimed,
Which cannot well be thought, yet in your house,
I should haue succour and reliefe be fide,

The Second part of

Bl. What, and so I should be a traitor, should I?
Is that the care you haue of me and mine?
I thanke you truely, no theres no such matter,
I loue you well, but loue my selfe better:
As long as you were held a true subiect,
I made account of you accordingly,
But being otherwise, I do reiect you,
And will not cherish my kings enemye:

You know the danger of the Proclamation:
I would to God you would depart my house.

Ia. When was it euer sene Iane Shore was false
Cyther vnto her countrey, or her kinge:
And therefore tis not well good mistres Blague,
That you bypraisd me with a traitors name.

Bl. I, but you haue bene a wicked liuer,
And now you see what tis to be trichasse,
You should haue kept you to your honest husband,
Twas neuer other like but that such filthinesse,
Would haue a soule and detestable end.

Ia. Time was that you did tell me other wise,
And studied how to set a glosse on that
Which now you say is ugly and deformed.

Bl. I told you then as then the time did serue,
And moze in deed to trie your disposition,
Then any way to incourage you to faine:

But when I saw you were ambitious,
And faintly stood on tearmes of modestie,
I left you to your owne arbitrement:

Can you denie it was not so? how say you?

Ia. We will not mistres Blague dispute of that,

But now in charitie and womanhood,
Let me find fauour if it be but this,

That in some barn or stable I may shrowde,
Till other wise I be prouided for.

Bl. I pray you be not wge me mistres Shore,
I will not haue my house indangered so.

King Edward the Fourth.

Oh you t'ld promise I should neuer want,
And that your house was mine, and swore y^e same,
To keepe your oath be then compassionate.

Bl^a. So you did sweare you would be true to Shore,
But you were not so good as your word,
My oaths dispens^t with by the kings command.

Ian. Yet me let haue those iewels & that money,
Which is within my trunks.

Bl^a. I know of none:
If there be any, he be so bold,
As keepe it for your dyet and your mans,
It is no little charge I haue beene at,
To feede your dainty tooth, since you came hither,
Beside houercome, I am sure is somewhat worth.

Sho. Ah Iane I cannot chuse but pittie thee,
Heers the first step to thy deep miserie.

Ia. Oh that my graue had then been made my house,
When either first I went vnto the Court,
Or from the Court returnd vnto this place.

Enter two Apparators.

Ser. Ho w now, what are you? it had been maners
You should haue knockt before you had come in.

1. Ap. We are the Bishops Paratozs my friend,
And mistres Shore our errand is to you.

This day it is commanded by the king,
You must be stript out of your rich attyre,
And in a white sheete go from Temple barre,
Untill you come to Aldgate, bare footed,
Pour haire about your eares, and in your hand,
A burning taper, therefore go with vs.

Ian. Euen when and whither you will, & would to God,
The king as soone could ridde my soule of sinne,
As he may strip my bodie of these ragges.

2. Ap. That would be soone enough, but come away,
And Mistresse Blague youle hardly answere it,
When it is knowne we found her in your house,

The Second part of

1. Ap. It seemes you do not feare to harbour her.

Bla. I harboꝝ her : out on her strumpet queane,
She prest vpon me where I would oꝝ no :
Ile see her hangd ere I will harbour her.
So now her Iewels and her gold is mine,
And I am made at least foure thousand pound,
Wealthier by this match then I was before :
And what can be objected foꝝ the same,
That once I lou'de her : well perhaps I did,
And women all are gouern'd by the Moone,
But now I am of another humour,
Which is you know a Planet that will chaunge.
Cat. Now W. Sheriffe of London do your office,
Attach this rebell to his Maiestie,
And hauing stript her to her petticoate,
Turne her out a dozes, with this condition,
That no man harbour her, that durst presume
To harboꝝ that lewd curtizan Shores wife,
Against the strait commandment of the king.

Bla. I beseech you Sir.

Cat. Away with her I say.

The while Ile seaze vpon her house and goods,
Which wholly are confiscate to the king.

Exit.

Sho. Oh what haue I beheld, were I as young,
As when I came to London to be prentice,
This pageant were sufficient to instruct,
And teach me euer after to be wise.
First haue I scene desert of wantonnesse,
And breach of wedlocke: then of flatterie,
Pert of dissembling loue, and last of all,
The ruine of base catching avarice:
But poore Iane Shore in that I lou'd thee once,
And was thy husband I must pittie thee,
The sparkes of old affection long ago,
Rakte vp in ashes of displeasure kinde,
And in this furnace of aduersitie,

The

King Edward the Fourth.

The world shall see a husbands loyaltie.

Exit.

Enter Doctor Shaw pensiuely reading on his booke, after him followes the Ghost of Frier Anselme, with a lighted torch.

Sha. Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas.

Bastardly slips haue alwaies slender growth.

Ah Sha w, this was the cursed theame,

That at Pauls crosse thou madest thy sermon of,

To proue the lawfull issue of thy king,

Got out of wedlocke, illegittimate.

Ah Duke of Gloster this didst thou procure.

Did Richard (villaine) no it was thy fault,

Thou wouldst be worne to such a damned deed,

Which now to thinke on makes my soule to bleed.

Ah Fryer Anselme, sleepe among the blest,

Thy prophesie thus falsely did I weest.

Enter Anselme.

An. Thou didst, and be thou damnde therefore,

Here come thy soule where blessednesse abides,

Didst thou not know the letter G. was Gloster?

Sh. Anselme I did.

An. Why then didst thou affirme,

That it was meant by George the Duke of Clarence,

That honourable harmelesse Gentleman,

Whose thoughts all innocent as any child,

Yet came through thee to such a lucklesse death.

Sha. I was inforced by the Duke of Gloster.

An. Enforst sayst thou? wouldst thou then be enforste,

Being a man of thy profession,

To sinne so vilely, and with thine owne mouth,

To damne thy soule? No thou wast not enforst,

But gaine and hope of high promotion

Hyrd thee thereto, say was it so or no?

Sha. It did, it did.

An. Why then record in thy blacke hellish thoughts,

The Second part of

How many mischiefes hath ensude hereon?
First, wronged Clarence drowned in the Tower,
Next, Edwards children murdered in the Tower:
This day at Pomfret noble Gentlemen,
Threë the Quëenes kinned, lose their harmelesse heads.
Thinkest thou that here this floud of mischief staves?
No villaine, many are markt to the blocke,
And they the nearest, thinke them furthest off,
Euen Buckingham, creatoz of that King,
Shall he to woe and wretched ending bring.
All this (accursed man) hath come by thee,
And thy false wrestling of my prophecie,
For Englands good disclosed to thy trust,
And so it had bene, hadst thou proued iust.
But thou and euery one that had a hand,
In that most wofull murder of the Princes,
To fatall ends you are appointed all.
Here in thy studie shalt thou sterue thy selfe,
And from this houre not taste one bit of food,
The rest shall after follow on a row,
To all their deaths, vengeance will not be slowe.

Enter a messenger to Shaw.

Mes. Where is M. Doctor Shaw?

Sh. Here friend, what is thy will with me?

Me. R. Richard prates ye to come to him strait,
For he would be confest.

Sh. I cannot come, I pray thee take that Fryer,
For he can do it better farre then I.

Mes. A Fryer M. Doctor? I see none.

Sh. Doeſt thou not? no, thy vntainted soule
Cannot discerne the horrors that I do.

An. Shaw, go with him, & tell that tirant Richard,
He hath but threë yeares limited for life,
And then a shamefull death takes hold on him,

That

King Edward the Fourth.

That done, returne, and in thy studie ende
Thy loathed life that dost vs all offend.

Sha. With all my heart, would it were ended now;
So it were done, I care not where nor how. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Parators, with mistress Shoare in a white
Sheete, bare footed, with her haire about her eares,
and in her hand a waxe taper.

1 Par. Now mistress Shoare, here our commission ends,
Put off your roabe of shame, for this is Algate,
Whither it was appoynted we should bring you.

Ia. My roabe of shame? Oh that so foule a name!
Should be applyed vnto so faire a garment,
Which is no more to bee condemnde of shame,
Then know of putrefaction is deserude,
To couer an infectious heape of dung,
My roabe of shame, but not my shame putte off,
For that sits branded on my forehead still,
And therefore in derision was I wrapt,
In this white Sheete: and in derision bore
This burning Taper, to expresse my follie,
That hauing light of reason to direct mee,
Delighted yet in by-waies of darke error.

2 p. Well mistress Shore, I hope you grudge not vs,
We shewde you all the fauour poore men could.

Ia. Oh God forbid: I know the kings Edict,
Set you a worke, and not your owne desires.

1 par I truely mistress, and for our parts,
We could be well content twere other wise,
But that the lawes seuerer, & so wee leaue you. *Exit.*

Iane. Farewell vnto you both: and London tw,
Farewell to thee, where first I was intice,
That scandalizd thy dignitie with shame,
But now thou hast returnde me treble blame,
My tongue that gaue consent inioynde to beg.

The second part of

Mine eyes adudge to hourly laments,
Mine armes for their embracing, catch the aire,
And these quicke nimble feete that were so readie
To step into a kings forbidden bedde,
London thy sinners haue punished for their pride,
And thou hast drinke their blood for thy reuenge,
What now auails to thinke what I haue bene,
Then welcome nakednes and pouertie,
Welcome contempt, welcome you barren fields,
Welcome the lacke of meate, and lacke of friends,
And wretched Iane, according to thy state,
Sit heere, sit heere, and lower if might be,
All things that breathe in their extremitie,
Haue some recourse of succor, thou hast none,
The child offended flies vnto the mother,
The Souldiour stricke, retires vnto his Captaine,
The fish distressed, slides into the riuer,
Birdes of the aire do flie vnto their damnes,
And vnderneath their wings are quickly shrouded,
Pay, beate the spannell, and his maister mones him,
But I haue neither where to shrowde my selfe,
Nor any one to make my mone vnto,
Come patience then, and though my bodie pine,
Make then a banquet to refresh my soule,
Let hearts deepe throbbing sighes be all my bread,
My drinke salt teares my guests repentant thoughts,
That who so knew me, and dooth see me now,
May spurne by me the breach of wedlocks bow.

Enter Brakenburie with a prayer booke, and some
releefe in a cloath for mistris
Shoarc.

Bra. Oh God how full of daungers growes these times,
And no assurance seene in anie state,
No man can say that hee is maister now,

King Edward the fourth,

Of any thing is his, such is the tide
Of sharpe disturbance running thzough the land,
I haue giuen ouer my office in the Tower,
Because I cannot brooke their vile complots,
Nor smother such outrageous villanies:
But mistris Shoare, to be so basely wrongde,
And vildly vsde, that hath so well deserude,
It doth afflict mee in the verie soule,
She saunde my kinsman, Harrie Stranguidge life,
Therefore in dutie am I bound to her,
To do what good I may, though law forbide,
See where she sits, God comfort thee good soule,
First take that to relæue thy bodie with,
And next, receiue this booke, wherein is soode,
Parma of beauen to refresh thy soule:
These holy meditations mistris Shoare,
Will yeeld much comfort in this miserte,
Whereon contemplate still, and neuer linne,
That God may be vnmindfull of thy sinne.

Iane. Maister Lieutenant, in my heart I thank ye,
For this kind comfort to a wretched soule:
Welcome swæte prayer-booke, soode of my life,
The soueraigne balme for my sicke conscience:
Thou shalt bee my soule pleasure and delight,
To wipe my sinnes out of Jehouaes sight.

B. Do so good mistris Shoare, now I must leaue ye,
Because some other businesse calles me hence,
And God I pray regard your penitence. Exit.

Ia. Farewell sir Robert, and for this good to mee,
The God of heauen bee mindfull still of thee.

As she sits weeping & praying, enters at one doore yong
M. Aire, and old Rufford at another.

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be farre off,
For but euen now I met the officers,

The Second part of

That were attendant on her in her penance,
Ponder shee sits, now then Aire she we thy selfe,
Thankfull to her, that sometime saude thy life,
When Law had made thee subiect to base death,
Giue her thy purse, for here comes some Ladie,
Stand by a while, for feare thou be discovered.
Ruf. What mistress Shoare, King Edwards concubine,
Set on a mole-hil, oh disparagement.

A throne were fitter for your Ladishippe,
Fie will you stubber these faire cheekes with teares?
O sit so solitarie, wheres all your seruants?
Where is your gowne of silke, your periwiggcs,
Your fine rebatoes, and your costly Jewels,
What not so much as a shooe vpon your foote,
Pay then I see the world goes hard with whoores.

Aire. The villaine slaue gibes at her miserie.

Ruf. How whether is it better to bee in court,
And there to begge a licence of the King,
For transportation of commodities,
Then here to sit forsaken as thou doost,
I thinke vpon condition Edward liude,
And thou were still in fauour as befoze,
Thou wouldest not say that Rufford had deserude,
To haue his eares rent for a worse suite.
Then licence to shippe ouer cozne and lead,
What not a word, faith wench ile tell thee what,
If thou dost thinke thy old trade out of date,
Go learne to play the bawde another while.

Ai. Inhumane wretch, why dost thou scoorne her so,
And bere her griued soule with bitter taunts?

Ruf. Because I will, shee is a curtisan,
And one abhorred of the world for lust.

Aire. If all thy faults were in thy forehead wist,
Perhaps thou wouldest thy selfe appeare no lesse,
But much more horrible then she doth now.

Ruf. You are no iudge of mine sir.

Aire.

King Edward the Fourth.

Aire. Why not thou of her.

R. The world hath iudgde, and found her guilty,
And tis the kings command she be held odious.

Ai. The King of heauen commandeth other wise,
And if thou be not willing to releue her,
Let it suffice thou seest her miserable,
And studie not to amplifie her griefe.

Enter mistresse Blage verie poorely a begging, with her
basket and clap-dish.

What other woful spectacle comes heere:

Mistresse take that and spende it for my sake.

When Rufford lookes away, Aire throwes his purse,
to mistris Shoare.

Bla. Oh I am pinched with more then common want,
Where shall I finde releefe? Good Gentlemen,
Pittie a wretched woman, like to starue,
And I will pray for yee. One halfe penie
For Christs sake, to comfort mee withall.

Ruf. What mistris Blage, ist you no marriage sure,
But you should be releued, a halfe penie quotha?

I marie sir, and so bee hangde my selfe,
Not I, this Gentleman may if he please,
Get ye to your companion mistresse Shoare,
And then there is a paire of queanes well met,
Now I bethinke mee, ile go to the king,
And tell him that some will releue Shoares wife,
Except some officer there bee appoynted,
That carefully regardes it be not so.

Whereof my selfe will I make offer to him,
Which questionlesse hee cannot but accept,
So shal I stil pursue Shoares wife with hate,
That scorned mee in her high whoores estate. Exit.

Bla. Good Gentleman bestow your Charitie,
One single halfe penie to helpe my neede.

Aire. Not one, were I the maister of a mint,

The Second part of

What succour thee that didst betray thy friend:
See where she sits, whom thou didst scorne indeed,
And therefore rightly art thou scownde againe:

Thou thoughtst to beene riched with her goods,
But thou hast now lost both thy owne and hers,
And soz my part, knele I twould save thy life,
Thou shouldst not get so much as a crum of bread,
Packer counterfeit, packe away dissembling drab.

Bla. Oh miserie, but shall I stay to looke
Her in the face, whom I so much haue wronged:

Ia. Yes mistress Blage, I freely pardon you,
You haue done mee no wrong, come sit by mee:
Twas so in wealth, why not in pouertie?

Bla. Oh willingly, if you can brooke her presence,
Whom you haue greater reason to despise.

Ia. Why woman, Richard that hath banisht me,
And seekes my ruine (causelesse though it be)

Do I in heart pray soz, and will do still,
Come thou & share with me what God hath sent,
A stranger gaue it mee, and parte thereof
I do as freely now beflow on you.

Bla. I thanke you mistress shoare, this curtesie
Renewes the grieu of my inconstancie.

Enter maister Shoare with releefe for his wife.

Sho. Ponder thee sits, how like a withered tree,
That is in winter leanelesse and bereft
Of liuely sappe, sits thee pooze abiect soule,
How much vnlike the woman is thee now,
She was but yester day: so short and brittle
As this worlds happines: but who is that,
Falle mistress Blague: how canst thou brooke her Iane?
I thou wast alwaies milde and pittifull,
Oh hadst thou beene as chaste, we had bene blest,
But now no more of that: thee shall not starue,
So long as this, and such as this may serue,

King Edward the Fourth.

Here mistress Shoare, feed on these homely Cakes,
And there is wine to drinke them downe withall.

Ia. Good sir your name, that pitties poore Iane Shore,
That in my prayers I may remember you.

Sho. No matter for my name, I am a friend,
That loues you well, so farewell mistress Shoare,
When that is spent, I vow to bring you more.

Ia. Gods blessing bee your guide where ere you go,
Thus mistress Blague you see amidst our woe,
For all the world can doe, God sends releefe,
And will not yet wee perish in our grieke:
Come let vs steppe into some secret place.

Bla. 'Tis not amisse if you bee so content,
For here the felles too open and frequent. Exeunt,
Where undisturb'd we may partake this grace.

Maister Shoare enters againe.

Sho. What is shee gone so soone: alacke poore Iane,
How I compassionate thy wofull case:
Whereas wee liue togither man and wife,
Oft on an humble stooke by the fire side,
Sate she contented, when as my high heate,
Would chide her for it. But what would shee say:
Husband, we both must towe sitte one day,
When I dare sweare shee neuer dreame of this,
But see good God what prophesying is.

Enter Rufford and Fogge, with the counterfeite Letters
Pattents, Shore stands aside.

Ruff. This is King Richards hand, I knowe it wel,
And this of thine is iustly counterfeist,
As hee himselfe would sweare it were his owne.

Shoare. The kings hand counterfeist: list more of that.

Rufford. Why enerie letter, enerie little dash,
In all respects alike, nowe may I vse,
My transportation of my corne and hydes,
Without the danger of forbidding lawe,

The Second part of

And so I would haue done in Edwardes dayes,
 But that good mistresse Shoare did please to trosse mee,
 But marke how n. w. I will requite her for it.
 I m. oude my suite, and plainly tolde the king,
 Some would releuee her, if no man had charge,
 To see seuerely to the contrarie.
 Forthwith his Grace appoynted mee the man,
 And gaue mee officers to waite vpon mee,
 Which will so countenance thy cunning worke,
 As I shall no way be suspected in it: how sayst thou Fogge:
 Fogge. It will do well indeede:

But good sir haue a care in any case,
 For else you know what harme may come thereon.

Ruff. A care saist thou: why man, I will not trust
 My house, my strongest locks, nor any place,
 But mine owne bosome, there will I keepe it still,
 If I miscarrie, so dooth it with mee.

Shoare. Are yee so cunning sir, I say no more,
 Iane Shoare or I may quittance you for this.

Exit.

Ruff. Well Fogge I haue contented thee,
 Thou maist be gone, I must about my charge,
 To see that none releuee Shoares wiffe with ought.

Exit F.

Enter the Officers with billes.

Come on good fellowes, you that must attende,
 King Richards seruice vnder my command,
 Your charge is to be verie vigilant,
 ouer that strumpet whome they call Shoares wiffe:
 If any traitour giue her but a mite,
 A draught of water, or a crust of bread,
 Or any other foode what ere it bee.
 Lay holde on him, for it is present death.
 By good King Richards proclamation,
 This is her haunt, heere stand I Sentinell,
 keepe you wilsene, and aide mee when I call.

Enter

King Edward the Fourth.

Enter Iockie and Ieffrey, with a bottle of Ale, Cheefe,
& halfe penny loaues, to play at bowles, mistres Shore
enters and sits where she was wont.

Iock. Now must I vnder colour of playing at bowles,
helpe till relieue my gude maistres, maistres Shore. Come
Ieffrey, we will play five vp for this bottle of Ale, and yonder
gude pure woman shall keepe the stakes, this cheefe shall be
the measter.

They play still toward her, and Iockie often breakes
bread and cheefe, and giues her, till Ieffrey being calde
away, then he giues her all, and is apprehended.

Rut. Here is a villaine, that will not relieue her,
But yet heele lose his bowls, that way to help her.

Apprehend him fellows when I bid ye :

Although his mate be gone, he shall pay for it.

Take him, and let the Beadles whip him well.

Iock. Heare ye sir, shall they be whipt and hangd that
giue to the pure, then they shall bee damne that take fro the
pure.

They lead him away.

Enter young Ayre againe, and Shoare stands
aloofe off.

Aire. Oh yonder sits the sweet forsaken soule,
To whom for euer I stand deepely bound:
She saue my life, then Ayre help to saue hers.

Ruf. Whither go ye Sir :

You come to giue this strumpet some reliefe.

Air. She did more good then euer thou canst do,
And if thou wilt not pittie her thy selfe.

Giue others leaue, by darte bound thereto :

Here mistres Shore, take this, and would to God
It were so much as my poore hart could wish.

He giues her his purse.

Shore.

The Second part of

Shor. Who is it that thus pitties my poore wife;
Tis M. Aire, Gods blessing on him for it.

Ruf. Darest thou do so Aire?

Air. Rufford I dare do more:

Here is my ring, it waighes an ounce of gold,
And take my cloke to keepe ye from the cold.

Ruf. Thou art a traitor Aire.

Air. Rufford, thou art a villaine so to call me.

Ruf. Lay hold on him, attach him officers.

Air. Rufford, he answer thine arrest with this.

He drawes his rapier, but is apprehended.

Ruf. All this contending Sir will not analle,
This treason will be rated at thy life.

Air. Life is too little for her sake that saude it.

Sho. Is he a traitor Sir, for doing good?
God save the king, a true hart meanes no ill,
I trust he hath reclaimde his sharpe edict,
And will not that his poorest subject perishe,
And so perswaded I my selfe will doe,
That which both lone and nature binds me to,
I cannot giue her as she well deserues,
For she hath lost a greater benefite.
Poore woman take that purse.

Ruf. He take away.

Sho. You shall not Sir, for I will answer it,
Before the King if you inforce it so.

Ruf. It must be so, you shall vnto the king.

Sh. You will be he will first repent the thing:

Come M. Ayre he beare ye compante,
Which wise men say doth ease calamitie,

Exeunt.

Ia. If grieve to speech free passage could affoord,
Or for ech woe I had a fitting word,
I might complaine, or if my floods of teares,
Could moue remorse of minds, or pearce dul eares,
Or wash away my cares, or cleanse my crime:
With words & teares I would bewaile the time.

But

King Edward the Fourth.

But it is bootlesse, why liue I to see,
All those dispisde that do pittie me.
Dispisde? alas, destroyed, and led to death,
That gaue me almes here to prolong my breath.
Fairst Dames behold, let my example proue,
There is no loue like to a husbands loue.

Exit.

Enter K. Richard, Louell, Catesbie, Rufford, Shore, &
Aire pinioned, and led betwixt two Officers.

Glo. Now tell vs Rufford which of these it is,
That in the heate of his vphewed spleene,
Contemnes our crowne, disdaines our dignitie,
And armes himselfe against authoritie.

Ru. Both haue offended my dread Soueraigne,
Though not alike, yet both faults capitall,
These lines declare what, when, & where it was.

Glo. Which is that Aire?

Ruf. This young man my Liege.

Glo. I thought it was some hot distempred blood,
That fierd his gyddie braine with businesse:
Is thy name Ayer?

Air. It is.

Glo. This paper sayes so.

Air. Perish may he that made that paper speake.

Gl. Ha? Dost thou with confusion vnto vs:
This paper is the Organe of our power,
And shall pronounce thy condemnation,
We make it speake thy treasons to thy face,
And thy malicious tongue speakes treason still.
Relieust thou Shores losse in contempt of vs?

Air. No but her selfe desert,
She saunde my life, which I had forfeited,
Whereby my goods and life she merited.

Glo. And thou shalt pay it in the selfe same place;

The Second part of

Where thou this man our Officer didst out face,
And scornst vs saying if we stood by,
Thou wouldst relieue her.

Ay. I do not deny,
For want of food her breath was neere expired,
I gaue her meanes to buy it undesirde,
And rather chuse to die for charitie,
Then liue condemned of ingratitude.

Gl. Your good deuotion brings you to the gallows,
He hath his sentence, Rufford see him hangd.

They leade out Aire.

Now sir your name?

Sho. Is it not written there?

Glo. Heres Mathew Floud.

Ruf. What is his name my Lord.

Glo. Is thy name Floud?

Sho. So D. Rufford sayes.

Glo. Floud and Ayre: the elements conspire,
In ayre and water to confound our power:
Didst thou relieue that hatefull wretch Shores wife?

Sho. I did relieue that wofull wretch Shores wife.

Gl. Thou seemst a man well tald and temperate,
Durst thou infringe our proclamation?

Sho. I did not breake it.

Ruf. Yes, and added moze,
That you would answere it befoze the king.

Sh. And added moze, you would repent the thing.

Ru. Who, I: his Highnes knowes my innocence,
And ready seruice with my goods and life,
Answere thy treasons to his maiestie.

Glo. What canst thou say Floud why thou shouldst not die?

Sho. Nothing, for I am mortall and must die,
When my time comes, but that I thinke not yet,
Although (God knowes) ech houre I wish it were,
So full of dolor is my weary life:

Now say I this, that I do know the man,

Which

King Edward the Fourth.

Which doth abette that traitterous libeller,
Who did compose & spread that slanderous rime,
Which scandals you, and doth abuse the time.

Glo. What libeller? another Collingborne?
That wrote: The Cat, the Rat, & Louell our Dog,
Do rule all England vnder a Hog.

Canst thou repeate it Floud?

Sho. I thinke I can if you command me so.

Glo. We do command thee.

Sho. In this sort it goes:

The crook backt Boare the way hath found,
To root our Roses from our ground,
Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till King of beasts the swine be crown'd:
And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.

Finis quoth M. Fogge, chiefe secretary and counsellor to
M. Rufford.

Glo. How sayest thou Floud, doth Rufford foster this?

Sho. He is a traitor, if he do my Lord.

Ruf. I foster it: dread Lord I aske no grace,
If I be guiltie of this libelling,

Touchsafe me iustice as you are my Prince,
Against this traitor that accuseth me.

Sh. What iustice cran'st thou? I wil combat thee,

In signe whereof I do vnbutton me,
And in my shirt my challenge will maintaine,

Thou cal'st me traitor, I will proue thee one,

Open thy bosome like me if thou darest:

Ruf. I will not be so rude before his grace.

Sh. Thou wilt not ope the packe of thy disgrace,
Because thy doublets stuf with traitterous libels.

Gl. Catesby teare off the buttons from his breast,

What findest thou there?

Cat. Pour Highnes hand and scale,
For transportation of Hydres, Cozne and Leade.

M

Glo. Traitor

The second part of

Glo. Traitor, did I signe that commission?

Ruf. O pardon me most royall king.

Glo. Pardon: to counterfet my hand and seale?
Haue I bestowed such lone, such countenance?
Such trust on thee, and such authoritie,
To haue my hand and signet counterfet:
To carrie Coine the food of all the land,
And Leade, which after might annoy the land,
And Hydes, whose leather must relieue the land,
To strangers enemies vnto the land:
Didst thou so néerely counterfet my hand?

Ruf. Not I my liege, but Fogge the Atturney.

Glo. Away with him Louell and Catesbie, go,
Command the Sheriffes of London presently,
To see him dyaloue, and hangd, and quartered,
Let them not drinke befoze they see him dead.
Hast you againe.

Louel and Catesb. leade out Rufford.

Ruf. Well Floud thou art my death,
I might haue liu'de t'haue seene thee lose thy head.

Sho. Thou hast but iustice for thy crueltie,
Against the guiltlesse soules in miserie,
I aske no fauour if I merit death.

Glo. Crau'st thou no fauour: then I tell thee Floud,
Thou art a traitor: breaking our Edict,
By succouring that traitrons queane Shores wife.
And thou shalt die.

Sho. If I haue broke the law.

Glo. If traitor: didst thou not giue her thy purse?
And doest thou not maintaine the deede?

Enter Loueli and Cat. againe.

Sho. I do, if it be death to the relenting hart,
Of a kind husband, wronged by a king,
To pittie his poore weake seduced wife,
Whom all the world must suffer by command,
To pine and perissh for the want of foode:

King Edward the fourth.

If it be treason for her husband then,
In the deare bowels of his former loue,
To bury his owne wrong and her misdeed,
And giue her meate whom he was wont to feede,
When Shore must die, for Floud is not my name,
Though once I tooke it to conceale my shame,
Wittie permits not iniured Shore passe by,
And see his once loue wife with famine die.

Glo. Louell and Catesbie, this is Shore indeed,
Shore, we confesse that thou hast priuiledge,
And art excepted in our Proclamation,
Because thou art her husband whom it concernes,
And thou mayest lawfully relieue thy wife,
Upon condition thou forgive her fault,
Take her againe, and vse her as before,
Hazard new hornes, how sayest thou, wilt thou Shore?

Sho. If any but your Grace should so vpbraid,
Such rude reproch should roughly be repaid.
Suppose for treason that she lay condemn'd,
Might I not feede her till her houre of death,
And yet my selfe no traitor for it?

Glo. Thou mightst.

Sh. And why not now (O pardon me dread Lord)
When she hath had both punishment and shame
Sufficient, since a King did cause her blame,
May I not giue her food to saue her life,
Yet neuer take and vse her as my wife?

Glo. Except thou take her home againe to thee,
Thou art a stranger, and it shall not be,
For if thou do, expect what doth belong.

Sho. I neuer can forget so great a wrong.

Glo. Then neuer feed her whom thou canst not loue.

Sho. My charitie doth that compassion moue.

Gl. Howe vs no more, Louel let Aire be hangd,
Just in the place where he reliend Shores wife:
Shore hath his pardon for this first offence.

The Second part of

The name of husband pleades his innocence,
Away with them: Catesbie come you with vs ?

Exeunt.

Iockie is led to whipping ouer the stage, speaking some wordes, but of no importance. Then is young Ayre brought forth to execution, with the Sheriffe and Officers, Mistres Shoare weeping, and M. Shoare standing by.

Ayre. Good mistres Shore, grieue me not with your tears,
But let me go in quiet to mine end.

Ia. Alas pooze soule,

Alas neuer innocent thus put to death.

Air. The mores my ioy, that I am innocent,
My death is the lesse grievous, I am so.

Ia. Ah M. Air, the time hath bene ere now,
When I haue kneeld to Edward on my knees,
And begd for him, that now doth make me beg.
I haue giuen him, when he hath begd of me,
Though he forbids to giue me when I beg,
I haue ere now relieved him and his,
Though he and his deny reliefe to me :

Had I bene envious then, as Richard now,
I had not staru'd, nor Edwards sons bin murdered,
Nor Richard liu'd to put you now to death.

Air. The more Iane is thy vertue and his sinne.

Sher. Come Sir dispatch.

Air. Dispatch say you: dispatch you may it call,
He cannot stay when death dispatcheth all.

Ia. Lord, is my sinne so horrible and grievous,
That I should now become a murderer?
I haue sau'd the life of many a man condemn'd,
But neuer was the death of man before.
That any man thus for my sake should die,
Afflicts me more then all my miserie.

Air. Iane be content,

I am

King Edward the fourth.

I am as much indebted vnto thee,
As vnto nature, I owed thee a life,
When it was forfeit vnto death by lawe,
Thou begd'st it of the king and gaust it me:
This house of flesh wherein this soule both dwel,
Is thine, and thou art Landladie of it,
And this pooze life a Tenant but at pleasure,
It neuer came to pay the rent till now,
But hath rume in arerage all this while,
And now for verie shame comes to discharge it,
When death distraines for what is but thy due,
I had not ought thee so much as I doe,
But by thy onely mercie to preserue it,
Untill I loose it for my charitie.
Thou giu'st me more then euer I can pay,
Then do thy pleasure executioner,
And now farewell kind vertuous mistresse Shoare,
In heauen weele mee againe, in earth no more.

Here he is executed.

Ia. Farewel, farewell, thou for thy almes dost die,
And I must end here starue in miserie,
In life my friend, in death ile not forsake thee,
Thou goest to heauen, I hope to ouertake thee.

Shoare. Oh world what art thou man, euen from his birth,
F findes nothing else but miserie on earth,
Thou neuer (World) scorn'dst mee so much before,
But I (baine world) doo hate thee tenne times more.

I am glad I feele approaching death so nie,
World thou hatest mee, I thee baine worlde despise.

I pray yee yet good maister officers,
Do but this kindnesse to pooze wretched soules,
As let vs haue the burfall of our friends,
It is but so much labour saude for you.

She. Where take his bodie, burie it where you wil,
So it be quickly doone out of the way.

Exit Sherife and Officers.

The Second part of

Iane. What he that begges the burial of my friend,
And hath so oftentimes releued mee?

Ah gentle sir, to comfort my sadde woe,
Let mee that good kinde man of mercie know.

Sho. Ah Iane, now there is none but thou and I,
Looke on mee well, knowest thou thy Ma. Shoare?

Ia. My Husband: then breake and liue no more.

She swoonds, and he supports her in his armes.

Sho. Ah my deere Iane, comfort thy beaute soule,
Goe not away so soone, a little stay,
A little, little while, that thou and I,
Like man and wife may here together die.

Iane. How can I looke vpon my husbands face,
That shamed my selfe, and wrought his deep disgrace?

Sho. Iane bee content, our woes are now alike,
With one selfe rod thou seest God doth vs strike,
If for thy sinne, he pray to heauen for thee,
And if for mine, doe thou as much for mee.

Iane. Ah Shoare, ist possible thou canst forgive mee?

Shoare. Yes Iane, I doe.

Iane. I cannot hope thou wilt:

My faults so great that I cannot expect it.

Sho. I faith I doo, as freely from my soule,
As at Gods hands I hope to bee forgiven.

Ia. When God reward thee, for wee now must part,
I feele cold death doth seize vpon my heart.

Sho. And hee is come to mee, heere hee lies,
I feele him readie to close vp mine eies,
Lend mee thy hand to burie this our friend,
And then wee both will hasten to our end.

Heere they putte the bodie of yong Aire into a Coffin,
and then hee sits downe on the one side of it, and shee
on the other.

Iane sit thou there, heere I my place will haue,

King Edward the Fourth.

Giue mee thy hand, thus wee embrace our grane,
Ah Iane, he that the depth of woe will see,
Let him but now beholde our misery,
But be content, this is the best of all,
Lower then now we are, wee cannot fall.

Iane. Ah, I am faint, how happy Ayre art thou,
Not feeling that which both afflict vs now:
sho. Oh happie grane, to vs this comfort giuing,
Heere lies two liuing dead, here one dead liuing,
Here for his sake, loe this we doe for thee,
Thou lookste for one, and art possess of three.

Ia. Oh dying marriage, oh swete married death,
Thou grane which only shouldst part faithfull friends,
Bringst vs together, and dost ioyne our handes,
Oh liuing death, euen in this dying life,
Yet ere I go, once Mathew kisse thy wife.

He kisses her, and shee dies.

S. Ah my swete Iane, farewell, farewell poore soule,
Now tyrant Richard doo the worst thou canst,
She doth desie thee, oh vnconstant world,
Here lies a true Anotomie of thee,
A king had all my ioye, that her inioyde,
And by a king againe shee was destroyde:
All ages of my kingly woes shall tell,
Once more inconstant world farewell, farewell.

He dies.

Enter Sir Robert Brakenburie, with two or three
of his seruants.

Bra. Sirs if the king, or else the Duke of Buckingham
Do send for mee, I will attende them straight,
But what are these heere openly lie dead,
Oh God, the one is mistresse Shore, and this is Flud,
That was my min: the third is Matker Ayre,
Who suffered death for his releuing her,

The second part of

They shall not thus lie in the open way,
Lend me your hands, and heauie hearts withall,
At mine owne charge Ile giue them burfall.
They beare them thence.

Enter King Richard crowned, Buckingham, Aire of War-
wicke, Louell, Catesbie, Fogge, and attendants.

Richard. Most noble Lordes, since it hath pleased you,
Beyond our expectation on your bowties,
To empale my temples with the Diademe.
How farre my quiet thoughts haue ener beene,
From this great and maiesticke Soueraigntie,
Heauen best can witness: I am your King,
Long may I bee so, to deserue your loue,
But I will be a seruant to you all,
Pray God my broken sleepes may giue you rest.
But onely that my blond doth challenge it,
Being your lawfull Prince by true succession,
I could haue wisht, with all my heart I could,
This maiestie had sitten on the browe
Of any other: so much do I affect a private life,
To spend my daies in contemplation.
But since that heauen and you will haue it so,
I take the crowne as meekely at your handes,
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,
As any new borne babe. Thus must thou Richard
Seeme as a Saint to men in outward shew,
Being a verie diuell in thy heart:
Thus must thou couer all thy villanies,
And keepe them close from ouerlookers eyes.

Buck. My Soueraigne by the generall consent
Of all the Lords and commons of the lande,
I tender to your royall maiestie,
This Princely Ladie, the Ladie Anne of Warwicke,
Iudged the onely worthiest of your loue,

aside

To

King Edward the Fourth.

To be your highnesss hyde faire Englande, *Rich.*

Rich. My royal sonne in Lawe Buckingham,

I see you strive to please mee more and more,

Woth bountie is to large and ample for me,

You overflow my limits with your great honey,

I willingly accept this hartwode Princesse,

And crowne her Angell heartie with my love,

Lo. Then as the hand of your high parliament,

I give her here unto your maiestie.

Rich. Lord Lodell I as heartily receive her,

Welcome faire Queene,

C. And from the Lords and commons of your land,

I give the free and voluntarie oath

Of their allegiance to your maiestie,

As to their soueraigne and liege Lord and Rade,

Richard the third, and beauteous Anichis Queene,

The true and lawfull King and Queene of England.

Rich. I doo accept it Catesby, and returne

Exchange of mutuall and partid love,

Now Fogge too, that in your fraterous

Besides the counterfeiting of our hand,

For Rufford, though so great a fault,

To suffer death, as hee already hath,

Going about to flubber our renowne,

And wound us with reproach and infame,

Pet Fogge that thou thy selfe must plainly see,

How farre I am from seeking sharpe revenge,

Fogge I forgive thee, and withall wee doo,

Repeale our heauie sentence gainst Shoares wife,

Restoring all her goods for her intent,

With all the world now to her perfect friends.

Cat. Why my good Lord, you by all these dead already.

R. True Cates, else I nere had spoke such words,

Alas I see our kindness comes too late,

For Catesby telles mee she is dead already.

Cat. I my good Lord, so is her husband too.

The Second part of

Ri. Would they had liues to see our friendly change,
But Caresby say, where like Shoare and his wife:

Cat. Where Ayre was hangde for giuing her releefe,
There both of them round circling his cold grane,
And arme in arme departed from this life:
The people for the loue they beare to her,
And her kind husband, pittying his wrongs,
For euer after meane to call the ditch,
Shoares Dit ch, as in the memoize of them,
Their bodie in the Friers minozites,
Are in one grane entered all togither,
But mistris Blague for ingratitude,
To mistresse Shoare, lies dead vnburi'd,
And no one will affoord her buri'all.

Rich. But mistris Blague shee shall haue buri'all too,
What now wee must bee friends, in deede wee must,
And now my Lords, I giue you all to knowe,
In memoize of our eternall loue,
I do ordaine an order of the Bathe,
Twelue knights in number of that royall sort,
Which order with all princely ceremonies,
Shall be obserued in all royall pompe,
As Edwards our foresather of the Charter,
Which feast our selfe, and our beloued Queene,
Will presently solemnize in our person.

Buck. Now am I bold to put your grace in minde
Of my long suite, and partly your owne promise,
The Earle of Herefords lands.

Ric. Cousin weele better thinke on that hereafter.

Buck. My paines my Lord hath not deserude delay.

Ric. Will you appoynt our time: then yee shall stay,
For this hote hastinesse sir you shall stay,
Dooe vs no more you were best.

Buckingham. I Richard, is it come to this?

In my first suite of all, dost thou denie mee?

Breake thine owne word, and turne me off so lightly,

Ri,

King Edward the Fourth.

Richard thou hadst as good haue damnde thy soule,
As basely thus to deale with Buckingham:
Richard Ile sit vpon thy crumpled shoulder:
I saith I will, if heauen will giue me leaue,
And Harry Richmond, this hand alone,
Shall fetch thee home, and seate thee in his throne.

Exit

Rich. What is he gone in heate, why farewell he,
He is displeasde, let him be pleasde againe,
We haue no time to thinke on angrie ment:
Come my sweet Queene, let vs go solemnize,
Our knightoods order in most royall wise.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

